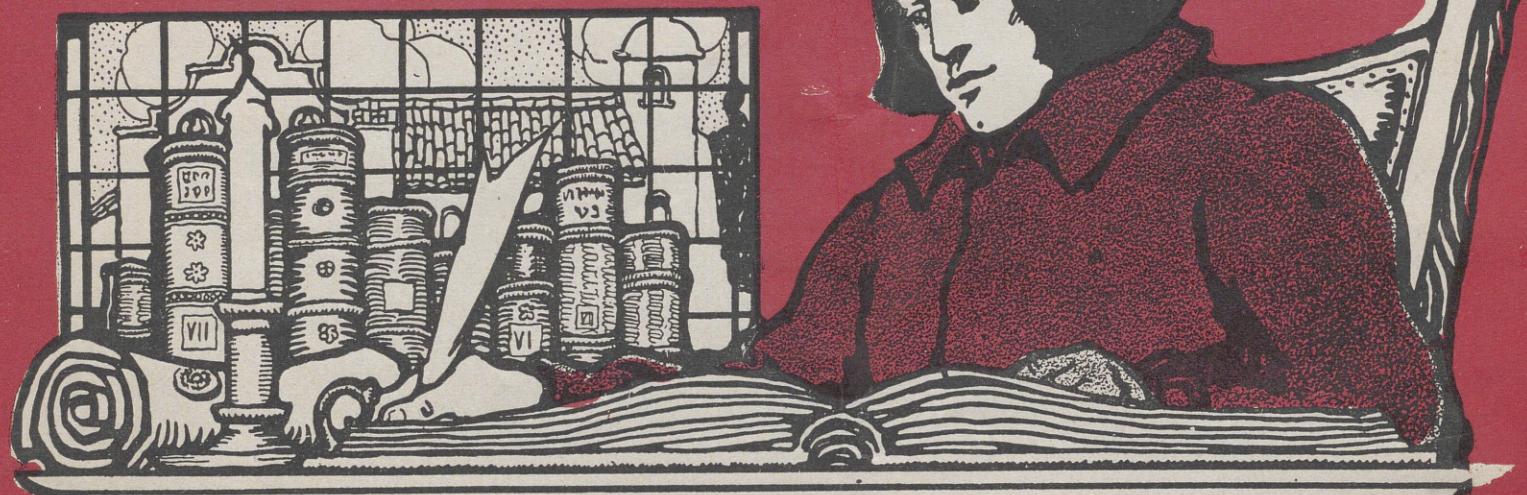


The GRAPHIC



Twentieth Year—June 14, 1913

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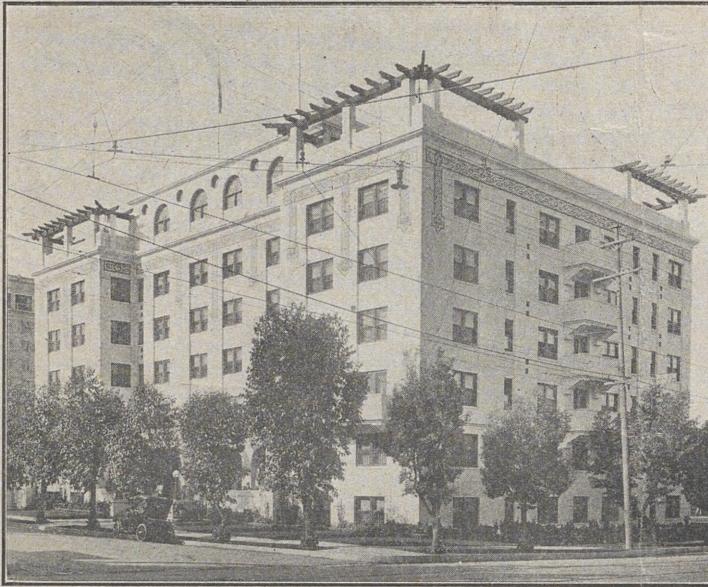
BY WILLOUGHBY RODMAN

What are you dreaming, what are you thinking,
Baby eyes with the deep, far gaze?
Do you guess the secrets of coming days,
Can you read their meaning, and look, unshrinking?

I feel my heart, as I watch you, sinking,
As my fancy into the future strays;
What are you dreaming, what are you thinking,
Baby eyes with the deep, far gaze?

Do you face the sun of thought, unwinking?
Can those little eyes bear that awful blaze
Which bewilders old heads with its dazzling rays,
And sets the strongest old eyes a-blinking?
What are you dreaming, what are you thinking,
Baby eyes with the deep, far gaze?

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THE GRAPHIC

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LOS ANGELES, JUNE 14, 1913

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



LAVISH PUBLIC BORROWING

Twenty years ago the total debt of New York state was \$660. Thirteen years later, in 1906, it had risen to \$10,630,660 and seven years after the state's outstanding obligations had reached the enormous sum of \$109,702,660 or exactly \$109,702,000 more than it was in 1893. When the roads and canals are built the state will be mortgaged for a quarter of a billion dollars. As an asset, the state has assessable property with a valuation of eleven billions of dollars, a direct state tax of \$11,922,985 and a population of nine millions. There was a happy time, within the generation, when the state collected no direct taxes and had millions to its credit in the treasury, but thrift and economy, bemoans the New York Times, are lost arts these days. Nobody takes any interest in them.

According to our contemporary the population of the state in the last ten years has increased about 25 per cent while the amount spent for public works has increased 470 per cent. This tendency to extravagance is not peculiar to New York. We have reverted to the bond craze mania on the coast many times and deplored the example set by our municipalities whose profligacy to live beyond their incomes is reflected in the average citizen. The craze for borrowing has reached an awful pitch. Whereas the largest issue of public bonds—city, county, state—in any normal year up to 1905 was \$201,743,346 in that year, the smallest issue in any year within the last five years was \$313,797,548 and the total for the five years, \$1,754,000,000. Concurrently, remarks our contemporary, there has gone on a corresponding change in the price paid for this almost incomprehensible borrowing. From 1906, when 63 per cent of the issues was at 4 per cent, in 1913 no smaller a proportion than 17 per cent was issued at 5 per cent and that is the rate which it is now proposed to pay to sell a New York state issue of \$27,000,000 of notes, in anticipation of bonds, for eight months, when state 4½s will be offered in exchange.

Perhaps, we get an inkling from this condition in the Empire state why the general money market is tight the country over at this time. The state's credit naturally takes precedence of the city. When, therefore, the state pays 4½ per cent, the city finds it harder to market its obligations at that figure and railways must advance their rate, while private borrowers feel a still greater pinch. The California legislature has been a prodigal—we will not say reckless—spender of state funds. But what has been done in Sacramento merely reflects the trend of so many of

our cities where the municipal ownership craze is rife. Here is a Los Angeles paper rejoicing in the fact that by a bond act amendment just signed by the governor the county seat metropolis is empowered to obligate herself for many millions within six months instead of having to wait as long again. Verily, this is great cause for jubilation.

JOURNALISM AT THE COUNTY SEAT

WITH an expressive shrug of the shoulders the French accompany their slightly cynical observation *chacun à son gout*, as they comment on the foibles of mankind. This manifestation of respective tastes is strikingly evident in journalism at the county seat in our morning contemporaries. We find, for example, the Times approaching as near as it dare to plain vulgarity in its editorial columns in an article headed "Toopious For Tangier," in which a brother publisher is nominated for United States minister to Morocco, awaiting the President's approval, the alleged reasons why the said Toopious would admirably fit the post being set forth with much particularity. Its sly suggestiveness, closely approaching indecency, is eminently characteristic of the pornographic bent of the Times and indulged in by that salacious paper whenever it can make the opportunity. It is a journalistic drab.

Farther south on Broadway is published the garish Examiner whose primary mission is not to print the news but to shape it to reflect the supreme egotism of its owner, the non-resident Hearst. When his picture does not adorn the front page his name and deeds are emblazoned on the back one, yclept the editorial page. With delicate consideration a flowery editorial is reprinted from the Washington Post, suggesting Hon. William Randolph for United States senator than whom "the Empire state could send no abler or more deserving man to the United States senate." He has wrought wonders, continues the Post—which, we suspect to be the property of Mr. Hearst—having "created powerful currents of public sentiment, transformed the Republican and Democratic parties; and it is largely owing to his incessant and unselfish work that the latter party is today in full possession of federal power in the executive and legislative branches."

Is not this peculiarly Hearstian in its naive ingenuousness? When we recall how nearly Hearst wrecked the party's prospects at Baltimore by his attempts to force poor old Champ Clark upon the convention as its nominee the ridiculous statement of the inspired Post stands out in all its rank absurdity. But the Hearst egotism does not halt at this modest claim. His Post editorial is moved to declare that "citizens of the state of New York and of the Union would be most fortunate if they could secure his consent to serve either in the senate of the United States or in the highest office of the republic." Ugh! If the Post were not a Hearst organ we should know it was merely making sport of the champion egotist of the North American continent. When we reflect that this same Hearst was once elected to congress from a New York district and in the two years of his single term was in his seat only once the sarcasm of the Post would be evident were it not written-to-order slobbery. Hearst's neglect of his duty in that period was notorious. However, the article in Mr. Hearst's own paper, and inspired by him through his strings on the Washington Post, is strikingly reflective of his aberrant tastes.

Turn we to the snug sheet on Hill street, the Tribune, which, in its effort to reduce the hue and cry of decent people, whom the publisher classed with the underworld, is now indulging in its favorite occu-

pation of hypocritical truckling to the dear women voters of Los Angeles. Three pages of indorsement of "the best, most moral and progressive paper" in the city are published by the best, most moral and progressive Mr. Earl who, of course, is responsible for the morals of his publications. These encomiums, with justifiable pride, he reprints in his evening paper and then piously observes, editorially, "Such commendations from one so nobly qualified to judge not only fortifies against injustice, but affords an inspiration to continued high endeavor." Dear, grateful man! Is it not a delectable trio of vulgarity, vanity and insincerity? No wonder the electorate of Los Angeles said "a plague on all of ye" and elected to the mayoralty a candidate supported by none of these precious journals.

ITALY FORESHADOWS PANAMAN INFLUX

SIGNIFICANT is the resolution in the Italian chamber of deputies, introduced by a member, asking Victor Emmanuel's government to take action in increasing the consular representation on the Pacific coast. It indicates that a heavy volume of immigration in this direction is certain to follow the completion of the Panama canal and what Italy doubtless will do toward providing additional consular agents in California and further north other European countries are certain of imitating. Already, California has taken time by the forelock in the appointment of an immigration commission to decide on ways and means for handling the influx of prospective citizens that will come to the coast melting pot instead of passing through the Atlantic coast ports as heretofore. It is a problem soon to be presented that demands profound study.

Doubtless, before the canal is opened congress will have passed a new immigration bill in lieu of the one vetoed by Mr. Taft because of the literacy test. In fact, Senator Dillingham already has reintroduced a revised bill, omitting the clause obnoxious to the previous executive, but, instead, carrying a provision that no immigrants of any one nationality shall be admitted in any given year to a number exceeding ten per cent of the total number of residents in the United States of that particular nationality. In view of the decrease in north European immigration in the last decade this restriction is not without excellent reason. It is from the Slavic and Mediterranean countries that the bulk of our alien population is now drawn. From 1900 to 1910 a notable change has taken place. Whereas, from 1880 to 1890 the annual average immigration from the United Kingdom was nearly 150,000; from Germany about the same number; from Scandinavia 66,000, Italy 30,000, Austria-Hungary 35,000, and Russia 26,000, the statistics for the last decade show United Kingdom, 86,000; Germany, 34,000; Scandinavia, 50,000; Italy, 205,000; Austria-Hungary, 205,000; Russia, 160,000.

Seeking for causes for this decline in the older immigration and greater influx of the Slavic and Latin races the New York Nation believes it is not because the United States has grown less desirable to the North European, but that in the case of the German, for example, the Fatherland has become much more attractive to him and to the Irishman his own Emerald Isle is proving a much more livable place than it used to be. As for the Englishman and Scotchman it is not their own home that is holding them back, but Canada is now the objective where formerly the United States held first call. In other words, internal conditions in northwest Europe have greatly changed for the better in the last quarter of a century. Germany is now well able to support her native increase and Ireland's long continued drain on her vital resources has almost ceased. With the ap-

plication of home rule, Ireland will, it is believed, send fewer and fewer of her sons across the western sea.

Economic pressure, it is argued, will still send us hundreds of thousands of the surplus population of Europe, but the profound social and political changes for the better in the Balkans, in Italy, and in Southern and Eastern Europe are bound to show results in diminished immigration argues the Nation. Even Russia shows signs of a forward movement which is likely to make of that country a more livable place for her people, although it is admitted the immediate prospects of a favorable policy toward the Jews of Russia are not of the brightest. It is believed that Italy will furnish this coast the greatest influx of immigrants, in the next decade, for despite the acquisition of Tripoli that country is not likely to prove so attractive as the climate of California so nearly resembling, especially in the southern half of the state, the Sunny Italy left behind.

FEDERAL HELP IN ALASKA OBLIGATORY

ADVOCAKES of government ownership and operation of railroads will be given opportunity, in all probability, of seeing how the experiment will work under our system if the recommendation of Secretary Lane in favor of the construction and operation of a government line in Alaska is indorsed by congress, as now appears likely. The project already has received the favorable consideration of the former secretary of the interior, Mr. Fisher, and has been approved by Mr. Taft. The plan is to build a railroad of from 800 to 1000 miles in length to be paid for from the sale of lots in government-located townsites along the right-of-way and from the disposal of public lands. The senate committee on territories is favorable to the understanding, realizing that existing circumstances in Alaska impose on the federal government the obligation of building the road.

It is proposed to authorize a bond issue of \$40,000,000 to finance the scheme. Three-fourths of the gross proceeds from land sales in the territory are to be set aside to meet the maturing bonds until the entire issue is liquidated. Considering that more than 99 per cent of Alaska's 490,000 square miles is public domain, costing Uncle Sam less than two cents an acre, it would seem like good business sense to enhance its value in the manner suggested, particularly as the land itself is to take care of the projected improvements through public sales. Attempt has been made at private construction and ownerships of railroads in the territory and an aggregate of 471 miles of track has been built of which more than one hundred miles are inoperative. Probably, thirty millions of dollars have been sunk in what has proved a hazardous venture, owing to the sparsity of population and other deterrents. In several instances the cause of failure is traceable to the obstacles and restrictions imposed by the territorial government, notably, excessive taxation in various forms and in withdrawing all the coal lands in Alaska from sale or entry. Two of the railroads which were started for two different coal fields at once ceased construction, the opening of coal mines having been prevented by federal interdiction. The necessity of importing their fuel was another handicap to the railroads projected and under way. Crude oil from California is a cheaper fuel than coal brought from British Columbia or wood at \$9 a cord. With millions of tons of coal practically in sight the territory is actually importing a million dollars' worth of coal annually.

Alaska's paramount need in railroad development is to connect her two great navigable rivers, the Yukon with its tributaries and the Kuskokwim and its affluents, in all about 6000 miles of navigable streams, with tidewater on the south coast. This will require two separate lines of approximately 450 miles each. It is the construction of these two trunk lines with certain spurs to the coal fields that is recommended in the report of the Alaska railway commission. Across the line, in Canada, it may be noted that 2200 miles of new railroad were built in 1912, mainly through the substantial aid of the Dominion

government. The country traversed while similar in climate to that of Alaska is said to be inferior in resources. It is estimated that Alaska has 64,000,000 acres of tillable land and much of it is highly productive. Since its purchase by the United States Alaska has produced and sent to the mainland upward of \$200,000,000 in gold, \$15,000,000 in silver, copper and other minerals; \$165,000,000 worth of fish and \$75,000,000 of furs, a total of \$455,000,000. A tolerably good return on an original investment of \$7,200,000, which was the price we paid Russia for the territory in 1867, in the face of earnest opposition from those who thought Uncle Sam was being swindled. The present white population of Alaska is about 35,000, with nearly as many Indians.

QUEER COMPOUNDING OF A FELONY

SOCIALISTS will find in the extraordinary court proceedings at Philadelphia, whereby a defaulting official of a big trust company was able to dictate terms not only to the banking institution he had defrauded but to justice, good material for condemnatory criticism of what would appear to be a flaw in our system of administering the law. After purloining \$1,400,000 in securities and \$30,000 in cash the guilty official eluded pursuit and no public mention was made of the loss because it was feared that a run on the bank would follow with disastrous results.

After a lapse of time, the absconder entered into an arrangement for immunity from prosecution in the event that he returned all the stolen property. This was agreeable to the bank officials, but the penalty for compounding a felony intervened to halt negotiations. Unless a clean bill was assured, however, the shrewd thief declined to make restitution. The bank was at the mercy of the pillager and the district attorney agreed that if the court would take his view of the case he would forego prosecution. It was pointed out that the safety of the bank, its depositors and shareholders was at stake. The judge acquiesced and to the bill of indictment instructed the jurors to return a verdict of not guilty for the defendant—a stupendous farce in view of the negotiations. When the verdict was recorded the clever looter, who was in court, handed over the stolen securities to the bank's attorney and, in addition, gave him an extra \$5000 toward meeting the expenses of the search and trial.

What a preposterous proceeding! Shourds, the derelict official, it is stated, had speculated so successfully abroad with his stolen capital that he had been able to accumulate a fortune in the comparatively brief time he was away from Philadelphia. Having taken enough to insure the silence of the trust company he had mulcted, the canny embezzler was able to defy justice in the manner stated and is now freed of all criminal proceedings, with a tidy balance to his credit, the result of his handling of the filched funds. It is not an inspiring story. Despite the accomplishing of the object sought, the compromise is inimical to the public welfare and the court as well as the district attorney is open to sharp criticism. The example they have set is distinctly dangerous.

HOW MARTYRS ARE NOT MADE

EFFORTS to make a martyr of the militant suffragette, Emily Wilding Davison, who succumbed to injuries received on the Epsom race course when she attempted to stop King George's entry, Amner, will be fraught with difficulty. For Miss Davison was not of St. Stephen or even St. Alban stock. She was simply a flighty woman obsessed by a crazy notion that the cause of equal suffrage could be advanced by spectacular deeds of a lawless nature and in the eight or ten years of her militant membership she had been persistent in her endeavors to focus attention on her antics. Barred from the house of commons she invaded its precincts through an airshaft, refused to leave her cell, in which she had barricaded herself, until driven out by means of a fire hose, hurled herself down a flight of stairs in jail rather than obey instructions and assaulted a Baptist minister in Aberdeen believing him to be Chancellor Lloyd George.

Clearly, the woman was mentally unbalanced, her

culminating vagary betraying the extent of her disordered mind. In view of her history we apprehend that Miss Christabel Pankhurst and other militant leaders will meet with difficulty in their political program to cast a halo of martyrdom about the poor, crushed pate of the deceased militant, Miss Davison. Their attempts to evolve from the blood of this demented suffragette the seed of the cause will be a difficult task. Doubtless, that leader who is quoted as saying she hoped that the case of Miss Davison would kindle a flame in the souls of men which would lead to the desired object, had in mind the burning at the stake of Latimer, bishop of Worcester, at Oxford in 1555. It will be recalled that his last words to the bishop of London, his fellow martyr, as the flames crackled about them, were: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley. Play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

There are martyrs and martyrs. It is a far cry from the stoning of Stephen to the attempted intercepting of a swiftly moving race horse by a partially frenzied woman and we doubt if the message of Miss Pankhurst to the public stating that Miss Davison died for women will have great weight. The deed was so foolishly spectacular, so unnecessary, that common sense will revolt at the thought of martyizing one who was guilty of an act of lunacy. Fanaticism with its attendant results is not martyrialization. It was not a great sacrifice that Miss Davison made in behalf of the cause she had espoused. It was plain dampfoolishness, we regret to say, and in no respect resembling the immolation of a martyr.

FAIR MANAGEMENT OFFERS PALLIATION

VICE-PRESIDENT R. B. Hale of the Pan-American Pacific Exposition has shed a new light on the controversy at present militating against harmonious relations between the fair management and the southern counties. It has been stoutly contended that of the \$5,000,000 of state funds at least one-fifth should have been set aside for a California building in which to house the various county exhibits. Inasmuch as this is their only return for the money authorized there is a large measure of justice in the protest registered since it was announced that if county exhibits were made space would have to be paid for at the rate of \$2.50 a square foot. It has been further charged by the disaffected supervisors that San Francisco has taken care to provide herself with a permanent building for her civic section, using fair funds for the purpose.

This charge Vice-President Hale successfully refutes, although he is not so happy in relieving the fair management of the charge of failing to provide a state exhibit building free of charge. Mr. Hale points out that San Francisco's total pledge to the exposition project reaches \$12,000,000. The auditorium on the grounds would have cost \$750,000 and its presence there have deprived the treasury of certain receipts lost through the free admission demand of convention delegates. By adding \$250,000 to the original sum, agreed upon as necessary, the building is segregated and made permanent. "Just imagine," argues Mr. Hale, "that San Francisco has contributed only \$11,750,000 to the fair and is using the other quarter of a million for civic purposes. Is not that our right?"

Perhaps, it is, put in that form. Yet to the outside counties, in nowise obligated to support the fair save by voluntary contributions, there would appear to be a breach of faith. It is true, as Vice-President Hale declares, that no definitive plan looking to the separation of the state appropriation from the general exposition fund was agreed upon, nevertheless, the belief was widespread that a portion—certainly, one-fifth of the five millions—would be applied in erecting a state building. We venture the assertion that the project would have been negatived at the polls had the people south of the Tehachapi, at least, been given to understand to the contrary. However, we think the chief blame for the non-carrying out of this unwritten contract rests with the state exposition

commission consisting of the governor, and Messrs. Matt I. Sullivan of San Francisco, Chester H. Rowell of Fresno, Marshall Stimson of Los Angeles and Arthur Arlett of Berkeley. The proposal by the commission that counties desiring to exhibit should build at their own expense was objected to by Mr. Stimson, whose sole dissent was overborne by his colleagues. To this extent the latter were derelict in their trust, in our opinion.

TWO NOTABLE HERESY TRIALS RECALLED

OLDER readers will project their minds backward a generation at the mention of the death of Dr. Charles Augustus Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, whose trial for heresy twenty-one years ago stirred the Presbyterian church from center to circumference, creating even more of a sensation than did the arraignment of Rev. David Swing of Chicago eighteen years before, also for heresy. Like his famous predecessor Dr. Briggs was acquitted of the charge which grew out of his advanced views in biblical criticism, together with certain doctrinal views not regarded as orthodox. But the General Assembly of the church did not approve the findings of the New York Presbytery and his trial on appeal resulted in his condemnation and suspension.

Like his Chicago prototype who withdrew from the Presbyterian fold, following his trial, to found an independent church which, we believe, still survives under the name of the Central Church of Chicago, Dr. Briggs, who was the ruling spirit of the Union Seminary, caused that affiliated body to withdraw from its connection with the Presbyterian denomination to continue as a university of theology of free and independent proclivities. At a later date, desiring to continue in the ministry Dr. Briggs presented himself as a candidate for preacher in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and after passing through all the preliminary stages was ordained a clergyman. Meanwhile, he continued to teach Hebrew and the cognate languages at Union Theological Seminary.

Of a more aggressive nature than Dr. David Swing, which is not to detract one iota from the reputation of that brilliant preacher, Dr. Briggs was a forcible writer whose profound convictions are reflected in his numerous works on theology and kindred topics, notably "American Presbyterianism," "The Messiah of the Apostles," "The Messiah of the Gospels," "The Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch" and "The Bible, the Church, and the Reason." For nearly forty years Dr. Briggs had been a dominant factor in the Union Theological Seminary where he was appointed professor of Hebrew in 1874 when he was 33 years old. Prior to that time, however, he had been a student in the seminary, having entered in 1861, so that fifty years of his life may be said to have centered there. While never reinstated as a Presbyterian Dr. Briggs was, nevertheless, to the end, more closely in accord with that denomination than with the Episcopal church of his later affiliation.

MORE LIGHT ON LOW WAGES AND VICE

PERHAPS, it is true as the manager of the Marshall Field department store in Chicago testified before the Illinois state senate vice commission today that the connection between vice and wages is remote, but we still contend that it is easier for a working girl to remain virtuous on \$8 a week than on \$5. We do not advance the theory that with low wages vice is a natural sequence, or that with \$8 a week any girl will remain moral. That were an absurd conclusion. The girl who is inclined to go wrong will do so no matter how well paid her work; to dispute this were to admit one's inability to gauge human nature in its fundamentals.

Miss Anna Morgan, who is taking an active interest in the vacation saving fund for working girls, is quoted as saying: "I am sick of hearing talk about the poor working girls. Nothing could have been finer than their repudiation of the suggestion of the Chicago vice commission that a girl needs to be paid \$8 a week to remain moral." Of course, the poor working girls do not "need" \$8 a week to keep themselves pure. But when certain standards of dress are

obligatory and so long as the love of pretty things is inherent in femininity the struggle to resist temptation is far greater on \$5 a week than on \$8. Who disputes this is not worthy of consideration. To that extent low wages and vice are allied.

Jacob Rosenwald, head of the mail order house of Sears, Roebuck Co., on a previous occasion, in the earlier stages of the investigation, testified that his house distributed dividends of \$7,000,000 a year and had a reserve fund of \$12,000,000 more. He was of the opinion that low wages had no relation to low morals. Without arguing the point, save as we have indicated the natural sequence, we contend that a firm that is so prosperous should voluntarily share its profits with its employees. Half a million dollars segregated from the dividends and distributed among the girls in higher weekly wages would be far better for society, for the mothers of the race, than belated donations to Homes for the Fallen or Free Maternity Hospitals. In this regard the International Harvester Company has set a worthy example in establishing a minimum wage of \$8 a week to every girl or woman in its employ. Cyrus McCormick, at least, does not propose to take chances on the low wage low moral theory. Other large employers of women might well emulate the example set by the Harvester Company and thereby avoid unpleasant reflections.

EXPIRING TREATY AND MEXICAN MISSION

CONSIDERING that the United States treaty with Mexico will expire June 27 it is not at all surprising that President Wilson and the state department are desirous of gaining inside information concerning conditions in the neighboring republic from a source other than the party interested. In view of this the official announcement that former State Senator R. F. Del Valle of Los Angeles is to be dispatched to Mexico City on a confidential mission, presumably to gather the facts so earnestly sought by the authorities at Washington, is understandable. We question the accuracy of the report that Senator Del Valle is to be sent, primarily, to investigate the Huerta government with a view to reporting to the state department on the advisability of recognizing the self-constituted authority. That is likely to be merely incidental to his chief object.

Thus far, no hint of President Wilson's attitude toward the Huerta government has leaked. Doubtless, desire for an expression has been manifested in New York financial circles, where arrangements have been made for the issue of a two-year loan of about \$27,000,000 by the National Railways of Mexico and partially for the provisional government loan of \$100,000,000. While a large part of the latter has been floated in Paris it is understood that J. P. Morgan & Co. have agreed to participate. The financing of the national railways is in the hands of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Speyer & Co., and Ladenburg, Thalman & Co. That \$10,000,000 of the railway obligations fell due June 1, caused uneasiness among holders of the 4½ per cent gold notes of the National Railways of Mexico, their payment waiting on the successful negotiation of the larger loan sought by the provisional government. It is stated that of the \$230,000,000 worth of National Railways stock issued, a little more than one-half is owned by the Mexican government which guarantees the principal and interest on the new general mortgage bonds.

Incidentally, French subscribers to the Mexican government loan will realize a handsome margin of profit from the transaction which, it is understood, has been negotiated by Jose Limantour, former Mexican minister of finance. Altogether, \$70,000,000 of ten-year bonds have been subscribed by German, English and French bankers of which the latter take \$30,000,000 at 6 per cent, but which will net the Mexican government only 89. The issuing and listing of the bonds at 97, including the 2 per cent stamp tax, on the Paris Bourse, will, it is believed, be approved by the French minister of finance. In case the United States recognizes the provisional government in Mexico the French syndicate will be fairly well entrenched in regard to the legal aspect of the loan despite the threats of the Zapatistas and Constitu-

tionalists that when the Huerta government is overthrown the foreign loans, if made, will be repudiated. It is a delicate mission that is entrusted to Senator Del Valle, but he is shrewd and capable, and has long been a close student of affairs, political and social, across the border.

ILLINOIS' ENCOURAGING ACTION

EQUAL suffrage in the United States has received a distinct stimulus by the action of the Illinois legislature in passing the woman's suffrage bill, which now goes to the governor for his signature. His well-known favorable attitude toward the measure leaves no doubt as to his approval. It is not full suffrage that the bill accords. To give complete enfranchisement can come only through a constitutional amendment, hence the women are barred from voting for governor, members of the legislature and other offices named in the constitution of Illinois. However, that can readily come later. Once the people get used to the extension of the suffrage in the manner provided the constitutional amendment necessary to complete the good work will be of comparatively easy attainment.

Simultaneously with the progressive news from Illinois comes word from Washington that the senate committee on woman suffrage has ordered a favorable report on the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States, granting the franchise to all citizens, irrespective of sex. The report of the committee will include a recommendation that congress submit the question to the several states. We believe the public has been sufficiently educated, i.e., stripped of prejudice, to vote intelligently, which is to insure ratification. In this manner the great question should be settled. It is of national, not merely local importance. The nine states that have led the way have demonstrated to the country that the women are just as intelligent, just as discriminative as the men in the exercise of the ballot and that they may be safely entrusted with it. In fact, their restraint, as contrasted with the antics of the militants across the water, has won over many a former anti of pronounced opinion.

Montana, Nevada and the two Dakotas are to vote on the question of full suffrage next year. With the sister states by which they are environed in complete sympathy with the movement, as evidenced by their constitutional amendments, and with the growing sentiment in favor of the extension of the franchise, there is little doubt that all four states will register an affirmative decision. If it shall prove that the proposed amendment to the United States Constitution is ratified before Great Britain rises to the occasion, a representative delegation of enfranchised women from each state should be deputed to form a missionary phalanx to invade the United Kingdom there to preach the gospel of full emancipation. Not by brickbats, arson, hunger strikes and similar reprehensible tactics is the right of suffrage to be gained. The American way is the appeal to reason. The British militant way is the appeal of unreason.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AS A PEACE LORD

SUNDAY Kaiser Wilhelm II will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne of the German empire, succeeding his father, Emperor Frederick, who reigned only one hundred days. When, soon after he assumed the throne, he broke with Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, making it clear to the world that he intended to be supreme in Germany, it was freely hinted that the Kaiser was out for conquest, that he was a war lord with whom civilized Europe would have to reckon. After a quarter of a century of his reign the apprehensions of those who saw in William II one bent on the acquisition of territory by force of might are shown to be unfounded and the contrary proved true. Emperor William has been essentially a man of peace.

In celebrating his quarter-centennial reign Germany is not slow to take cognizance of the potentiality of the Kaiser as a factor for peace. Instead of a war lord he is being acclaimed as the greatest peace lord of the world and his distinguished con-

temporaries on the continent of Europe and in this country are enthusiastically acknowledging his right to the designation. The New York Times has collected many tributes from men of mark voicing their high estimate of the Kaiser as a peacemaker. Thus Theodore Roosevelt and his successor in the White House, Mr. Taft both testify to his powerful contribution to the cause of peace. The Duke of Argyle voices warm encomiums for the German emperor. Sir Gilbert Parker finds him among the most civilized internationally patriotic of rulers, and King Victor Emmanuel II of Italy believes William II has greatly strengthened the work of German unity achieved by his illustrious grandfather.

That these tributes are well deserved students of contemporaneous international affairs fully realize. As Sir Gilbert Parker has felicitously noted: "It was said of the Emperor William that he was medieval in his war spirit, but he has proved himself to be a modern keeper of the peace. He was declared to be reckless, and the worst that can be said of him after twenty-five years is that he is impulsive. The world has never been hard upon men of impulse who are not at the same time reckless and selfish, and the Emperor William is neither of these. When he became Emperor Germany—and Prussia particularly—was rigid, narrow, and pedantic in all too many respects. Under his enlightened, tolerant, and broad-minded guidance she has become—even Prussia has become—resilient, absorptive, and almost impulsively adaptable." This is just criticism. It will be echoed by every student of these times and manners. The world owes much to Kaiser Wilhelm and it must be said that Germany is proving a good collector.

RIGHT TO FIX INTRASTATE RATES UPHELD

STATE railroad commissioners are more firmly entrenched than ever in their right to regulate intrastate rates so long as they are reasonable and not confiscatory, is the crux of the important decision handed down by the United States supreme court in the Minnesota rate case. Six years ago, in April, 1907, the Minnesota legislature reduced passenger fares within the state from three to two cents a mile and a few weeks later lowered commodity rates, i.e., rates on staples such as grain, flour, lumber, animals. As the laws of Minnesota require carriers to obey legislative edicts under heavy penalty for non-observance the reduction in passenger fare was made effective by the railroads, but they were enjoined by stockholders from enforcing the commodity rates on the ground that the reduction was excessive and confiscatory in nature. A special master before whom the points were argued granted a permanent injunction and the circuit court on appeal confirmed the master's report.

To the surprise of the railroad officials and their attorneys the United States supreme court, by unanimous decision, has reversed the lower court and upheld the right of state regulation, remarking that the proof is insufficient to show that the rates were confiscatory. In one instance the decree of the lower court, adjudging the rate insufficient, is affirmed, but this only emphasizes the right of a railroad commission or legislature to fix rates so long as they are not insufficient to yield compensation for services rendered. A second point raised by the protesting stockholders of the railroads affected was that the acts of the legislature and orders of the railroad commission operated directly and substantially upon interstate commerce and for that reason were invalid, whether confiscatory or otherwise.

This argument has been knocked into smithereens by the United States supreme court which holds that the authority of the state in regulating transportation is not confined to a part of the state, but extends throughout the state, to the cities adjacent to its boundaries as well as to those in the interior. The railroads had complained that intrastate rates applied to the state's boundary or places within competitive districts crossed by the state line, imposed a special burden upon interstate commerce and created discriminations against localities in other states. But

where that is true, the fault lies with congress, according to the court's ruling. Restriction must come through actual exercise of federal control and not by reason of unexerted, dormant power. The effect of the sweeping decision is to strengthen the hands of public utility commissions whose right to fix all rates is affirmed save when the compensation they yield is insufficient. In that event the corporations have the right of appeal and pending a decision the commission schedules may be suspended. Forty-five cases in six states are involved in the decision.

REAL AND SHODDY FRENCH ARISTOCRACY

HERE is no time of year when one feels so entirely "out of it" as just now, in the high season which lasts from the middle of May to about the end of June. No time of the year either when the "nouveaux riches" are more painfully in evidence. The people you see for the most part in the theaters, in the cafes, in the fashionable (?) tea rooms, and in other public places all belong to this class. The really fashionable people one hardly ever sees. If you go to the beautiful and expensive cafes in the Bois de Boulogne of an afternoon in this fine weather you will see many extraordinary people, but probably none of the really real society people at all. So I am told. Of course, I cannot vouch for it, for I am not in society, and not rich enough to be of society. But the amusing part of it is that I am told by old friends here that the rich society class in Paris is not the really rich society at all. That the people whose names you see in the paper with titles on the front of them belong to old families, of course, but not the really ancient families, few of whom have much money. In other words, the real society is very quiet, not very rich, makes no display at all, and is almost impossible to get into,—you have to be born into it or you are forever out of it.

It seems from this, if my information is correct, that there are three classes of what may be called society here: the really ancient aristocracy, the very wealthy, and the "new rich." But the fact that a man is a baron or a marquis or a count does not necessarily give him a place in the real ancient class at all! That was a great surprise to me. I supposed, of course, that society was just one big group, most of its members being titled, and the remainder being so rich that they could not well be refused admission. But it seems that the display crowd is utterly distasteful to the other crowd, which looks upon the whole French aristocracy as being disgraced by these people with their modern ways and their lack of respect for tradition. Yes, it is all a very great surprise. If you happen to see, at the opera, for instance, an ordinary looking person without any pretense, apparently, either to great wealth or great station, you are likely to be told that he or she is a member of one of the oldest and most irreproachable families of France. It is so disappointing. We Americans, a good many of us, like to think that we can at least rub shoulders with the real old thing by going to fashionable cafes or theaters, and we find out that it is impossible. The real old article is not there, and, if it is there, we would certainly not recognize it.

* * *

But, whether it is old or new, the class that goes to these cafes and theaters is certainly rich and gay, and one feels very much out of it unless one is also rich, rich enough, that is, to force one's acceptance, at least for the time being. Of course, it is a foregone conclusion that, even if you know them, they would not be worth knowing, as a young woman remarked to me the other day—to which I sagely remarked: "Sour grapes!" Still I know that it is really a disappointment to people who go out to the Bois de Boulogne to one of these crowded cafes where you take tea under the trees, to find out that they are not hob-a-nob with the real aristocracy. I visited one of these places the other day where I noticed a goodly number of Americans several of which, I am sure, held to the fond belief that they were doing quite the proper thing, that they were almost in it. Where ignorance is bliss, etc. And no doubt these Americans were quite satisfied with what they saw, and no doubt also greatly astonished at what a "tough"—excuse the expression—looking crowd the French aristocracy was. That is rather hard on the French aristocracy but may, for all I know, be near the truth.

I remember once being at Windsor in the lifetime of Queen Victoria. I was standing by the gate of the palace, greatly annoyed because I was not permitted to enter it during the queen's residence there, when a carriage drove out, and in it sat Victoria. She was, to my boyish eyes, absolutely the most frumpish looking individual I could possibly imagine, and as far removed from my idea of the stately nobility of a queen as possible. I also remember that

I made a remark to that effect to my companion, and that it nearly ended in a fight with a patriotic native who overheard me. Since that time I have on various occasions had members of the royalty of various countries pointed out to me. Until now, when anybody remarks: "What an aristocratic looking person!" I always feel like saying: "You evidently have no knowledge of the real aristocracy!" And that is so of nearly all of the royalty and ancient aristocracy of Europe. We know that they are noble in spirit as in birth, but their actual appearance is a disappointment.

* * *

But the whole question of social status here is very confusing. It is hard to tell where society begins and leaves off. It is rather a shock to our preconceived notions to find mentioned in the social columns of the aristocratic old Figaro the names of men "engaged in trade" at social functions in company with counts and countesses, dukes and duchesses, marquises and marchionesses. The soap boiler and axle-grease maker are right in with at least that swell set, of that there can be little doubt. Is it money? Or is this republic really a republic? Is altruism an actual fact in France? Are all classes equal? Questions are those for which I have no answer. But how must the American girl who buys her titled husband feel about this mixture? Must it not be a dreadful shocker to welcome these disgusting plebeians into your house after coming all the way from America to escape from them? How must it seem? Would it not be better to get your introduction to royalty just by being a mere American millionaire?

This is a funny world! It makes one wonder really whether there is not something inherent in all of our natures which causes us to have a certain respect for blue blood in spite of all its enormities, villainies and atrocities. We do not, most of us, honestly, want an aristocrat to be a plain, honest, ordinary, unimposing person. We want him to be like the princes in our story books of old; imperious, flashing, haughty, wild, profligate, the real, old roué of the ancient regime, a worthless rake. What we want to get away from, and what, particularly, our girls want to get away from, is the lack of romance in our American life, the plainness of it all, the simplicity of our work-a-day men and women, the entire lack of flashy wickedness. It is quite evident to me that the thing American women like to look at in these would-be fashionable cafes and tea rooms is the flashy crowd, the crowd which fulfills to an extent one's idea of the profligate royalty, the picturesque aristocracy. And I expect that if somebody were to kick up a row after the manner of Beau Brummel and the men of his day and kind these same romance-loving women would be simply charmed. But it is one thing to look on at such things and another to marry into them. It is truly surprising what an attraction the title has for some of our people, but I am sure that it has nothing whatever to do with the blue-bloodedness of the man's family, but is simply a question of a mistaken romance.

* * *

Debussy has written music to a new ballet by the Russian dancer Nijinsky. The plot, if plot it may be called, of this ballet is simply that Nijinsky, dressed as a tennis player, meets two young girls, also tennis players, flirts with them, makes advances, and they all three dance together. It was very bad, I am told, and has been withdrawn,—was withdrawn so quickly that I had no chance to hear it. It is said that the music is so fine that it will certainly be heard often played as a concert number by our great orchestras. But that has nothing to do with the matter. The point I particularly wish to speak of is the attitude of the society people with regard to it. They, I am told, feel themselves offended by the antics of Nijinsky because they look upon these antics as a sort of bad burlesque, in very bad taste, of their own movements when playing tennis, which is their favorite sport. The warning to Nijinsky practically is: "Dance what you please but keep of our territory. Be a faun if you will, an imp or an elf, but do not ape society." But it is, after all, a strange thing that Debussy would lend his name and his music to such a thing. Not that I can see any harm in the action of the ballet, but that it is hopelessly stupid. Nijinsky is a clever dancer,—at least people tell me he is, I can see nothing either beautiful or original in his dancing myself—but he is not an inventor of scenarios.

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, May 27, 1913.

Arizona has advertised an open season for murderers in the state. The mollycoddlers have succeeded in forcing an initiative vote on an anti-capital punishment measure and the constitution is to be ignored for a year and a half or until the proposed amendment comes to a vote. In other words the 2 per cent petitioners are regarded by the governor as having paramount rights to the other 98 per cent of the population.

Maeterlinck Again: "An Incoherent Poe"---By Randolph Bartlett

FORTY-NINTH OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MODERN DRAMA

POST-IMPRESSIONISM in art, when attacked as being opposed to all standards of art, ancient and modern, invariably falls back upon one line of defense. Its devotees do not pretend to answer their critics, or meet them on common ground, or even pretend that there is any common ground upon which they can meet. They simply declare that futurism, cubism and all the other elusive forms of expression, must be felt by the spectator, and those who cannot feel cannot appreciate. It is an art that cannot be explained or analyzed. In brief, it is the expression of moods. It rebels against all effort to express the abstract in terms of concrete form, and one fancies that it would even reject color if it could but discover a substitute, but even while utilizing color, deliberately forsakes all recognized harmonies and shrieks from its canvases in dissonances of weird lights and shadows.

Maeterlinck was the true dramatist of this school of art, but he was two decades in advance of the painters. Let the cubist who is hard pressed by the critic but declare he is merely doing with his brush what Maeterlinck did with his plays, "Alladine and Palomides," "Pelleas and Melisande" and "The Death of Tintagiles," and he will come as near to explaining himself as it is possible for him to do. These dramas are as incoherent as the futurist picture is bewildering. Huge castles pierce the clouds with their towers, and beneath them unfathomable crypts honeycomb the earth. Forests blanket the landscape and the sky is almost always invisible, excepting when it gives forth portentous and unnatural warnings of impending doom. Waters swirl in sinister eddies in forbidding moats. Caverns sparkle with gems. Pools reveal miracles of light or send up death-dealing vapors. And the men and women groan and gasp out their helpless, hopeless lives, with only a few vague flutterings of protest against the clammy grasp of fate, and death lurks in every shadow.

Yet in these plays Maeterlinck reaches a new stage in his development. In his first dramas, it was always "death the intruder." The Belgian mystic now begins to see death in another aspect. Death now becomes the solvent of the human problem and not mere hopeless dissolution. Not a consummation to be approached with gladness, scarcely even with hope, but at least with a suggestion that it is not the end but the beginning. In no other play does this idea force itself so strongly upon the imagination as in "Alladine and Palomides." Insofar as any of these conceptions may be defined in specific terms, this is a pure glorification of love in death.

Ablamore, an aged king, has taken unto himself a wife—or slave, it is not quite clear which—in the person of Alladine. She is not happy and the old man says she "smiles at me as one smiles on a foe." Ablamore's daughter, Astolaine, is betrothed to Palomides, who arrives for the nuptials, considerably in advance of the appointed time. The moment he enters the scene the symbols of fate appear. Alladine has a pet lamb which acts strangely whenever Palomides appears, and finally falls into the moat and is drowned. Is it permissible to pause in this dreary task for a moment of irreverence? Does Maeterlinck herein anticipate the slang phrase of America today? Would he have it understood that Palomides "got Alladine's goat?" Mayhap this is cubist humor, yet it seems scarcely a square deal to hint that the Belgian Shakespeare could be so flippan. To return to our muttions: Astolaine, the bride-elect, is a superior, modern sort of person, and although the truth is still kept from her father, she and Palomides have a heart to heart talk and she calmly gives him up thus:

ASTOLAIN. Do not weep . . . I know to that one does not do what one would do . . . nor was I ignorant that you would come . . . There must indeed be laws mightier than those of our souls, of which we always speak . . . (Kissing him abruptly).—But I love thee the more, my poor Palomides.

PALOMIDES. I love thee, too . . . more than her I love . . . Thou weepest, as I do?

ASTOLAIN. They are little tears . . . Do not be sad for them . . . I weep so, because I am woman, but they say our tears are not painful . . . You see I can dry them already . . . I knew well what it was . . . I waited for the wakening . . . It has come, and I can breathe with less disquietude, being no longer happy . . . There! . . . We must see clearly now for you and her . . . For I believe my father already has suspicions.

Not for the common horde is such an expression as "I love thee, more than her I love" or "I can breathe with thee disquietude, being no longer happy."

To aid the lovers, Astolaine attempts to deceive her father, Ablamore, by telling him she no longer loves Palomides, but he forces the truth from her,

realizes that it is Palomides who has broken the troth, and instinctively guesses the reason. The lovers prepare to escape to Palomides' paternal mansion where there is "a sky beneath which there is nothing more to fear—forests that are always awake, flowers that do not close." It is the realms beyond death of which he speaks, but Alladine does not understand. She had not the advantage of having studied the writings of her creator, Maeterlinck. Ablamore takes a purely human view of the situation and locks Alladine in her room, wandering about the castle with the keys and croaking this cryptic song:

Misfortune had three golden keys—
He has no rescue for the Queen!—
Misfortune had three golden keys.
Go follow what your eyes have seen.

Protracted study of this quatrain has much the same effect as an optician's sight-testing card after it has been stared at a few minutes—you can read almost anything from it. It will adapt itself to almost any interpretation, simple or complex. Weary with the vigil the old king sleeps, Palomides steals the keys, and reaches Alladine. What immediately transpires none but Maeterlinck can know. Turning a page the reader finds his hero and heroine, not flying from the wrath of Ablamore, but bound and blindfolded in a wonderful crypt. They tear off the bandages and discover themselves among the blue halls, gleaming pillars, bathed in supernatural light emanating from water in which bloom moveless flowers that live a cadenced life, while precious stones gem the vaults and blue roses climb everywhere. For shame, you Matissees and Picassos with your "Nude Descending the Staircase" and your "Dance by the Spring!" Go back and learn the alphabet of your trade.

It is clear that only death can be expected by the imprisoned pair, and when a sound as of someone striking a rock is heard, Palomides insists it is "the golden gates of a new Paradise, that open in our soul and sing upon their hinges." They are together, they love, they expect to die. What more can they ask? But Palomides is wrong. His rejected sweetheart, Astolaine, has come to the rescue, and as she and her helpers break through the wall of rock the cavern loses its beauty, the water is wan and sinister, the precious stones are extinguished, the roses appear as stains and rotten rubbish. Realism has destroyed the glamor of death. Recoiling from this devastating sight, the lovers fall into the murky pool, and make no effort to save themselves. They are dragged back from death however, and efforts are made to nurse them to health. The play closes with a dialogue between Alladine and Palomides, the voices coming from rooms off stage. Death is approaching and they welcome it, for they know they will "behold the sweet green things again." That is all. They had entered the "valley of the shadow," but for them it was a valley of light, and to it they determined to return.

"Pelleas and Melisande" is a long drawn out story of a young man's love for his elderly brother's youthful wife, and the death of the two at the hands of the husband. There is really nothing more to it than that. Of course, the Maeterlinck drama is ever simple in plot, but in this he appears to have arrived at the irreducible minimum, considering the length of the piece, for it covers nearly three times as many pages as "Alladine and Palomides." Its length, however, is due to great numbers of incidents many of which may be symbolic, but many more certainly post-impressionism of the wildest type. A shroud of mysticism is woven about the drama from the beginning by the fact that not even Melisande herself seems to know anything about her history previous to the time the elder brother, Golaud, discovers her weeping beside a forest spring, into which she has cast a magnificent crown which she refuses to allow her discoverer to fish out. There are just two great scenes in this play, and in them there is a sufficient degree of emotion and passion to make immortal a more coherent drama. One is that in which Melisande, her unbound hair floating from her casement, hears for the first time Pelleas' story of a love, the existence of which she had only vaguely surmised:

PELLEAS. Oh! oh! what is it? . . . Thy hair, thy hair is falling down to me! . . . All thy locks, Melisande, all thy locks have fallen down the tower! . . . I hold them in my hands; I hold them in my mouth . . . I hold them in my arms; I put them about my neck. I will not open my hands again tonight. . . .

MELISANDE. Let me go! let me go! . . . Thou wilt make me fall. . . .

PELLEAS. No, no, no; . . . I have never seen such hair as thine, Melisande! . . . See, see, see; it comes from so high and yet it floods me to the heart! . . . And yet it floods me to the knees! . . . And it is sweet, sweet as if it fell from heaven!

. . . I see the sky no longer through thy locks. Thou seest, thou seest? . . . I can no longer hold them with both hands; there are some on the boughs of the willow . . . They are alive like birds in my hands, . . . and they love me, they love me more than thou! . . .

MELISANDE. Let me go; yet me go! . . . Some one might come. . . .

PELLEAS. No, no, no; I shall not set thee free to-night. . . . Thou art my prisoner to-night; all night, all night!

MELISANDE. Pelleas! Pelleas! . . .

PELLEAS. I tie them, I tie them to the willow boughs. . . . Thou shalt not go away now; . . . thou shalt not go away now . . . Look, look, I am kissing thy hair . . . I suffer no more in the midst of thy hair . . . Hearst thou my kisses along thy hair? . . . They mount along thy hair . . . Each hair must bring thee some . . . Thou seest, thou seest, I can open my hands. . . . My hands are free, and thou canst not leave me now. . . .

MELISANDE. Oh! oh! thou hurtest me . . . (Doves come out of the tower and fly about them in the night)—What is that, Pelleas?—What is it flying about me?

PELLEAS. It is the doves coming out of the tower . . . I have frightened them; they are flying away. . . .

MELISANDE. It is my doves, Pelleas.—Let us go away, let me go; they will not come back again.

PELLEAS. Why will they not come back again?

MELISANDE. They will be lost in the dark . . . Let me go; let me lift my head. . . . I hear a noise of footsteps . . . Let me go!—It is Golaud! . . . I believe it is Golaud! . . . He has heard us. . . .

PELLEAS. Wait! Wait! Thy hair is about the boughs . . . It is caught there in the darkness . . . Wait, wait! . . . It is dark. . . . (Enter Golaud by the watchman's round.)

GOLAUD. What do you here?

PELLEAS. What do I here? . . . I . . .

GOLAUD. You are children . . . Melisande, do not lean out so at the window; you will fall . . . Do you not know it is late?—It is nearly midnight. —Do not play so in the darkness—You are children . . . ((Laughing nervously.) What children . . . What children! . . .

The other dramatic moment arrives when Golaud, his suspicions now fully aroused, holds his little son Yniold high in his arms so that the lad may look in at a window and tell his father what the lovers are doing within. The boy's sketchy, bewildered fragments, seeing but dimly and understanding not at all until he grows so frightened he can tell nothing even of what he sees, and the father's agony as he realizes that the child is incapable of interpreting the scene which he believes is being enacted, are portrayed in masterly fashion, with vivid intensity. No elusive symbolism here, no playing with a phrase for the phrase's sake, but virile, vital drama, exposing the naked human soul, shivering in the blast of its own emotions. Yet even these two sumptuous bits of dramaturgy fail to redeem "Pelleas and Melisande."

"The Death of Tintagiles" is the tragedy of a nameless fear. Tintagiles is a child, who is one day to be king. He has been away in a safe place for a long time, but, "because it was the Queen's wish," he comes to join his sisters, Ygraine and Bellangere, who dwell in a typical Maeterlinck castle, black, forbidding—the house of fear. They have never seen the Queen, the embodiment of fear, but her will is absolute, and being jealous of her power, she procures the death of any person whom she suspects of designs upon her throne. Thus the sisters, and their ancient retainer, Aglovale, believe that Tintagiles has been brought to the castle simply to be slain as a possible menace. The sisters determine to guard the boy to the utmost of their power. They even succeed in repulsing one attempt to capture him, but they have lived too long in the House of Fear, and Aglovale has even lost faith in his old sword—name the weapon what you will—prayer, courage, duty. The deliverance is but for a short time. As the sisters sleep, the handmaidens of the Queen steal Tintagiles away. Ygraine is aroused, but it is too late. Up interminable stairs she follows the kidnappers, reaching at last a great iron door, through which come sounds of the sobs and pleadings of the terror-stricken child. Ygraine beats upon the vault with her bare hands, tears at it with bleeding fingers, prays, pleads and weeps, but without response save for the sobs of the boy.

At last there is the sound of the fall of a little body behind the door and all is silent, interrupted by an hysterical outburst from Ygraine who abases herself absolutely in her frantic desire to save her brother, until she sinks exhausted beside the relentless gate. Fear had brought Tintagiles from his haven to the home of his sisters and they taught him to know Fear though he could not see her, and so Fear claimed him for her own, the sisters being impotent to save him from that which they had taught him

was unconquerable. I do not offer this as the only correct interpretation of "The Death of Tintagiles," but simply as a suggestion. It is the optician's card again—he who runs surely cannot read.

"Home" is a bizarre creation, comparable to "The Intruder" in its portrayal by suggestion of a tragedy which is impending, but which those most directly interested sense only through a certain uneasiness. Concealed in a garden, several persons—and the audience as well—look through three windows of a house at a family scene. There is the father, mother, two daughters, and a sleeping child. Their voices are not heard, but their occasional movements are seen—"spiritualized by distance." Another daughter of the house has been drowned, her corpse is being brought to the home, and messengers are sent ahead to break the news. Oppressed by the task, they stand outside and comment upon the scene within. Action there is none, until the last few seconds. It is merely a situation, attenuated to a tiresome degree. Suspense is carried beyond its legitimate lengths, and defeats its own ends. At last an old man goes into the house, and slowly and gently imparts his information. The resulting consternation, turmoil of action, all plainly visible but without a sound to be heard, is a subtle study in pantomime woe.

* * *

Through all of these plays it is apparent that Maeterlinck is completely in the control of his own virtuosity, and likewise the victim of a morbid love of gloom. Above all things, however, symbolic literature it is not, in the true sense of the word. What is the use of a symbol if, instead of interpreting, it merely confuses? Symbolism is valuable only when there is something to be expressed which is too subtle for everyday language, either because the idea is too spiritual for words, or because the impression is vague and elusive, and defies concrete definition. Then the artist creates a symbol, not to obscure further his meaning, but to approximate that which he feels. All the more in the drama, the form of art in which plainness above all things is demanded, as the audience has, theoretically, not time to pause and examine the idea, but must comprehend it at first glance, should the symbol be avoided unless it is the only means of expressing the thought in mind. For example, no person of average intelligence could possibly misinterpret Ibsen's symbolism in "The Wild Duck," but when he sets four persons adrift on a mountain in "When We Dead Awaken," it is impossible to guess what he is driving at.

* * *

Thus does Maeterlinck, in these early dramas, give an impression of a raving, incoherent Poe. Like Poe he cherished weird fancies, but unlike the American he failed to link his nightmares into coherent form. His souls drift from torture to torture, without impelling force, without will to live or will to die. They are not human beings, but embodiments of single emotions, without form and void. There is no reason why his castles should be such ramshackle affairs, why disease should seem to float across his every landscape in miasmic vapors. There is little profit in discussing these plays, further than to regard them as horrible examples of the results of an imagination turned loose, with an infinite variety of words at its command. Decorated though they are by occasional passages, now exquisitely poetical, now grandly powerful, these dramas must be considered the "ugly brats" of Maeterlinck's development.

COSTLY SIMPLICITY OF LITTLE THEATERS

SINCE small theaters have become the fashion in New York several entrancing little houses have been built. The Princess on Thirty-ninth street is one of the most charming. The colors are a luscious cream and brown. The ushers are tiny maids in delicate brown stuff gowns and white aprons and the man at the door is resplendent in small clothes and white ruffles. Soft-toned tapestries decorate the walls. Restraint is the keynote. Ornate ginger bread decoration and badly modeled nude figures have given place to a costly simplicity that is restful to eye and nerves. The house holds about three hundred and prices are maintained at a level that should make for financial success. Three dollars for box seats, two and a half for all orchestra seats, two for all balcony seats. "It is the intention of the management of the Princess Theater," so the announcement reads, "to dedicate the new playhouse to the production of short plays such as have made the fame of the 'little theaters' of Paris. Plays of the sort seen at the 'Theater Antoine' and the 'Grand Guignol' (particularly the former) will be given a hearing upon a stage and in an environment arranged with that object in view. The best obtainable dramatic material in shorter form will be selected without regard to its commercial value." It is believed by the directors that many splendid one-act plays which hitherto have gone begging for want of suitable opportunity will now be brought to light and a search for good material that has already resulted in the

discovery of a number of interesting short pieces will be continued "in the hope of establishing the Princess as the home of this form of dramatic art."

* * *

It is to be hoped the public will support the venture to an extent that will warrant the management in continuing the announced policy. The chance to show short plays has been accorded to few playwrights. The consequence has been that many authors for the sake of a possible production have padded an idea that might have been suitably worked up in short form into a three-act play. This new opportunity may encourage them to have more regard for artistic values. Mr. Holbrook Blinn, that very excellent actor and artist, is director of the theater. He personally stages the plays and heads the players. Mr. Edward Ellis, Miss Willette Kershaw, Miss Georgia O'Ramey, Miss Fanny Hartz, Miss Francis Larrimore, Mr. Fernel B. Pratt, Mr. Vaughn Trevor, Mr. John Stokes, Mr. Bennett Musson are an exceedingly good supporting company. To present a bill of five different pieces requires the services of the same member of the company in several characters in a performance. For them it must be a welcome change from the long run play in which actors assume the same role without variation for weeks, months, years. This scheme requires versatility of characterization and make-up. For the plays must be of widely different character in order to give the audience a sufficient number of thrills. The present bill is exceptionally well chosen. The first offering, a slight little thing called the "Switchboard," by Edgar Wallace, sets the keynote of differentness and prepares the audience for something a bit more piquant than the average playhouse offers. "Food" touches the burlesque note. "Fear" is a more or less morbid character study of a physical coward; "Fancy Free," a comedy of the smart set, is light enough to serve as a palliative. "Any Night" which closes the bill is one of those little big things that are epoch-making in their simplicity.

When the curtain rises it is upon a single switchboard at any exchange. Miss Georgia O'Ramey as the operator is seated at the instrument before a dark curtain with a single shaded light throwing its rays upon her. Behind the curtain are the members of the company, "voices on the wires." The operator interprets to the audience by her face and manner what she hears and occasionally indulges her sense of humor. People who are much to each other and little, talk. At the operator's pleasure they are interrupted, and hear by crossed wires things not meant for their ears. A lover tries to break down the reserve of his lady with endearments; the husband wishes a divorce and is seeking to bribe a lawyer to secure the necessary evidence; a youth is whispering tender things to his sweetheart and a woman has lost a dog. The dog pleases the operator. Whenever things reach an acute stage she crosses the wires and the strenuous ones hear the woman's pathetic wail as she tries to find her little white poodle. The lawyer refuses to prostitute his profession by helping the plotting husband and the operator laughs at his frantic offer of a thousand dollars if she will testify against his wife. It is all in the day's work for her. She is not a crook. And the curtain comes down upon a confused impression not of a single story but of seething life all about one in the air. One may not see it, but the throbbing wires in this busy city are humming always with stories of love and hate and business and tiny dogs unable to care for themselves.

New York, June 9, 1913. ANNE PAGE.

GRAPHICALITIES

Why, bless my soul, here's Bob Burdette, a doctor now, of laws, Bestowal of which dignity gives others of us pause; No matter what the colleges may dub our dear old Bob, He bears a greater title yet in hearts that nonemayrob.

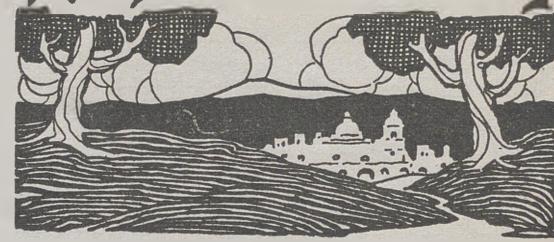
Vienna has heard the news from Illinois. When the great international suffrage congress of women was informed of the action of the legislature practically as one woman it fell upon its Viennese.

Jane Addams for mayor of Chicago in 1915 is no wild ebullition of enthusiastic women. The best street cleaner and the best district inspector that Chicago ever had were women, in spite of the swish of their skirts.

Nothing daunted by their recent experience the city authorities of Long Beach plan to submit bonding propositions for the rebuilding of the municipal auditorium. Only \$1,300,000 for that and other "improvements" is asked. It is a bond-issue mad era, apparently, that is upon us.

It seems to be harder to dissolve the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific merger than for the proverbial rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. As an amalgamator of railroads the late Mr. Harriman seems to have had good cohesive points.

By the Way



Halting a Cruel Canard

Noble Editor Hearst! Because one Los Angeles publisher smeared pitch over the city by asserting that its people had elected a representative of the underworld to the mayoralty office, a rival publisher, a non-resident, but with the reputation of the municipality resting on his conscience, hastened to refute the canard by assuring the public through his chain of papers that Los Angeles had been cruelly aspersed. I am lost in admiration at this display of altruism. I know it has accomplished the purpose because Editor Hearst in his own paper announces the good news. If any fears remained that the "signed editorial"—great editors always sign their lucubrations as an evidence of good faith—had not attained its object the expressions of trust uttered by awestruck readers and reprinted in the Examiner would convince the most skeptical. Again has Editor Hearst, as his own affidavit attests, proved his greatness, his remarkable perspicacity. He seen the chanst to do a good turn and, by heck, he done it! What matters it if the forty or fifty millions of hoi polloi who read his papers on their bended knees—in lieu of the once more greatly revered Bible, at family devotions—had not known Los Angeles was traduced prior to the rescue work performed by this Chevalier Bayard of newspaper publishers? They are now doubly armed. If, in the course of time, the canard creeps eastward, it will meet with a cool reception. The Hearst readers will metaphorically extend their thumbs and fingers from their facial protuberances and exclaim "Beat it! Billy Hearst has put us wise!" And there you are. Isn't he the lallapaloozer of publishers? He admits it. I recall the story of the Boston man who learned that New Yorkers were in doubt concerning the passage of a certain public measure. "Why," said the visitor from the Hub, "there can be no question about that; the Transcript has favored it editorially." This sublime faith of the Bostonian in the infallibility of his favorite paper is apparently paralleled by the amusing Hearst. I say, apparently, because it is not what he believes or does not believe that matters a hang, so far as he is concerned. His chief ability lies in making the public accept his theatricisms as realities. His gentle art is to claim everything with so much vigor, so great an appearance of good faith that the poor dupes who swallow his egotistic utterances are ready to accept his assumed viewpoint as theirs. To this extent he commands the profound admiration of those of the craft who realize what fools these mortals be, to borrow a bit of philosophy from Will Shakespeare's *Puck*.

Appeal For a Lost Puppy

I was visiting out in Hollywood Sunday where several wee folk of my intimate acquaintance are enjoying the salubrious foothill atmosphere. As I lay in the hammock, half asleep, I overheard this edifying conversation by two tiny girls of 5 and a sturdy boy of six whose puppy had disappeared:

First Small Girl (plaintively): "O, dear, we can't find Tricksy!"

Second Small Girl (dolorously): "What shall we do?"

First Small Girl (inspiringly): "Let's tell God."

Second Small Girl (approvingly): "All right, Jacky, ast God to find Tricksy—hurrr up!"

Jacky (in a healthy, confident tone, raising his voice several notches and looking skyward): "God, we've lost Tricksy. Help us to find him!"

Just then the puppy crawled into sight from behind a seed box and amid the clapping of tiny hands and exclamations of delight I heard Jacky scream, "Never mind, God, we've found him!"

Restaurant Business and Vice Probe

Restaurateurs of Los Angeles unanimously complain that the cream has been skimmed off their business by the vice probe, and the exposure of various kinds of wickedness. This is not because the revellers and "sporty" crowd of yore were good patrons of the cafés, and have displayed less activity of late. While that has been a feature, the serious result has been in a curtailing of the more legitimate and dependable business. Materfamilias is now inclined to be more particular as to the hours that her

fair daughter keeps, and if she goes to the theater in company with a young man it is frequently only upon a faithful promise to return immediately after the fall of the curtain. Moreover, the young woman of delicate and sensitive nature is inclined to avoid anything which could be interpreted, even by the greatest stretch of imagination, as identifying her with the "night life" class. Doubtless, the pendulum will swing back, but, meanwhile, the men who make it their business to dispense food and liquids to the pleasure-seekers are suffering in their pockets.

Where Shall Young Folk Spoon?

Now there is a movement afoot to put a stop to spooning in the city parks. How unkind! Love's young dream demands trees, flowers and the songs of birds, and I should say that the morals of the boys and girls are no more in danger in the parks, where policemen stroll about from time to time, than in the gloomy deeps of a picture show or even the recesses of a back parlor. It does seem that the obsession of reform threatens to befool everything, and I cannot see what good is to be accomplished by this proposed order to "stop the spooning in the parks." Besides, it savors of selfishness. The reformers, presumably, have had their day.

Rose as a Gubernatorial Possibility

Almost before the returns were officially counted in the mayoralty election, the word "Rose for governor" was being circulated. The reason is not difficult to discover. While Mayor-elect Rose never has been a figure in state politics, his victory in the Los Angeles campaign is considered to have an important bearing on state politics, as demonstrating the wane of the Johnson-Lissner-Earl influence in the south. A few years ago the enthusiastic voters were given to understand, in an indirect sort of way, that with the election of the Johnson administration and the adoption of all the direct legislation amendments to the state constitution politics would cease to become a business and enter the realm of fine arts, the Southern Pacific would make a permanent rate of \$5 round trip to San Francisco, and the individual voter would need only to express a desire, no matter what, and the entire machinery of the state government would be at his disposal.

First Blood Drawn in Stronghold

Into this situation, Judge Rose hurled himself, and so confident were the Johnsonites, that they did not even consider him seriously, regarding the Socialists as their only menace. Los Angeles was the stronghold of the reformers and they felt as safe as Goliath. The result is history. Now the opposition has a recognized leader about whom they can rally—a man who has won a big victory in the enemy's own camp. The problem now is—can the north be brought to a point of agreeing to support a southern man? The south has not had a man installed at Sacramento since Governor Gage's administration, and the logic of the situation now seems to call for a southern candidate. The one who can defeat the Johnson forces in the south can be elected, and it would not be surprising if there are interesting things going on at Paso Robles between, or even during the rounds of the golf course.

Keeping Up the "Largest Circulation"

It is a matter of common knowledge that Brother Earl's classic "underworld" remark has cost his two papers a lot of circulation as well as advertising. The Tribune still carries a banner line on the first page "Largest Circulation in Los Angeles," but thousands of front lawns in the city in the last week have been embellished with copies of the paper marked "sample." Of course, this is one way to maintain a "largest circulation," but the frantic publisher will learn, possibly, that the revolt against his kind of politics and journalism is too deep rooted to be overcome by such simple methods. Now if the Tribune were really a newspaper—but, naturally, that is another story.

"Scotty" a Specialist in Silence

I notice our old friend Scotty is prominent again on Spring street, though not so vociferously so as five or six years ago. He still looks sleek, well-fed, and prosperous in his own way however, and the source of his money is as great a problem as ever, although it is known that he received a considerable sum from mining promoters. That money, of course, has been spent long since, and yet Scotty has not been discovered engaging in any gainful pursuit to keep himself supplied in long coats, and red neckties. Scotty is a specialist in silence. He goes, disappears absolutely for weeks and months at a time, and then returns with a "bank roll" of healthy proportions. Of course, it does not take a great deal of money to make a noise in a saloon, and Scotty's wealth has ever been of barroom, and not of automobile dimensions. The one sufferer from Scotty's erratic career was Charles A. Taylor, the melodrama king, who

went broke with "King of the Desert Mine" in which Scotty was the star. The desert mystery would fail to turn up at half the performances, and as often as not he would be holding forth on the sidewalk in front of the theater at the time he was supposed to be performing deeds of derring-do on the stage.

Santa Barbara for an Oasis

Shriners today are leaving for one of their sub-pilgrimages to Santa Barbara where the Hotel Potter will be made the scene of lively doings for the week end. These short trips are becoming a notable feature of Al Malaikah, and Leo Youngworth has proved a capable guide in leading his patrol across the sands to near-by oases. An announcement that an event of the present trip will be a reproduction of "The Spirit of '76" I presume is a misstatement. I assume that the plural form was intended.

Fame and Mere Success

Walter Brown's "Everywoman" has been so great a success in Los Angeles, that doubtless it will start the newspaper fraternity writing more plays—or, rather, stimulate the incessant activity in this direction. Browne was not a success as a newspaper man, and fame came to him only after death, while at least one newspaper man with whom he was associated years ago, has succeeded in the profession and is now in Los Angeles. This member of the craft is the author of a notoriously bad play which was staged not many years ago at a local stock theater, and yet he was heard to remark recently that his acquaintance with the author of "Everywoman" consisted in discharging Browne for incompetency. Herein, I take it, lies the fundamental difference between fame and success.

Otheman Stevens' Unkind Trick

Allusion to the activity of newspaper men in writing plays reminds me of an unkind trick Otheman Stevens played on his brethren a few days ago. He wrote a story about a New York manager who had made an announcement that he would read and consider seriously all manuscripts of plays submitted to him, inferring that many producers do not do so. Steve didn't make individual mention and since then he has been keeping a record of the names of the editors and others who have made it a point to see him, ever so casually, and inquire as to the identity, merely out of curiosity, of this theatrical manager who is looking for good plays. This recalls the experience of one of the Frohmanns who declared to a friend one day that half the population of the United States was writing dramas, and tested his statement by asking a street car conductor how his play was getting on. "I've finished the first two acts and half of the last. I'll bring it to you in a few days, Mr. Frohman" was the prompt reply.

Work for the Charities Commission

With the organization on a permanent basis of the new Municipal Charities Commission, there should be means devised of focalizing the almost innumerable bodies which carry on this kind of work. Mrs. Seward Simons, who has devoted a great deal of study to charities, said recently that she knew of cases where families were receiving "assistance" from half a dozen sources. It is the stock complaint of many of the organizations that the Associated Charities does too much investigating and not enough helping. Be that as it may, it is a well known fact that there are few human activities in which more money is wasted than in misdirected charity, and if the municipal commission can devise a way of obtaining cooperation among the principal bodies, at least, it will have accomplished much. The personnel of the commission is promising. Dr. Millbank Johnson is president, A. J. Copp, Jr., is secretary, and the other members are Mrs. Willets, J. Hole and P. J. McGarry.

Cold Shoulder for Southerners

As I predicted last week, there was no band for the Pasadena Knights of the Rose Tournament when they passed a day in San Francisco last Saturday, on their way to the Portland Rose Festival. The Knights sent telegrams to the San Francisco papers the evening before their arrival, telling of their coming, but these were not published, and there was neither reporter, photographer, nor representative of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at the Ferry Building when they arrived. As the Knights were wearing their informal costume, white trousers and straw hats with red bands—garb scarcely suited to San Francisco climate—they felt a little awkward, and many made quick changes, or removed the ribbons from their headgear. It is doubtless true that never since the earthquake has so important a body of men been allowed to enter the city of San Francisco without a glad hand being extended, and usually a banquet to boot. R. B. Hale, vice president of the exposition, when informed of the circumstance, declared

it must be a "stupid blunder," and said he "felt humiliated that such a thing could occur." Possibly, he may learn how it did occur by consulting with President C. C. Moore.

Johnson and the Marriage Bill

I opine that Governor Johnson has cooked up a nice kettle of trouble for himself by his veto of the bill providing that men applying for marriage licenses must furnish health certificates. This was one bill against which no serious opposition was offered, for much as a legislator might disapprove, it was difficult to stand up in public and declare that he preferred allowing men afflicted with chronic diseases which might be passed on to his children, to enter into matrimony with no opportunity for innocent brides to protect themselves. The dictator of California's politics, however, simply announced that he found the bill to be unconstitutional, although similar laws are in force in Oregon and other states. Nearly every woman's organization in the state had gone on record in favor of the bill, and Our Hiram will have a busy time explaining to them why he did not allow the courts to pass upon the constitutionality, instead of usurping that function of the government as he has the legislative.

GRAPHITES

Now doth the schoolboy calculations make,
When irking tasks no more his soul shall quake;
The days that intervene—ah, who that knows
How long they seem from sunup to the close?

If General Pershing keeps whacking away at the Sultan of Jolo's subjects he must not be surprised if the crafty little natives wax Moros.

Ismay's great racer, Craganour, which won the English Derby and was disqualified for bumping, has been bought by the Argentine government for \$150,000, it is reported. There are compensations.

Secretary Daniels of the navy will have the labor councils after him for declaring it to be the intention of the government to teach enlisted men trades. Not unless they receive the permission of the Tveitmoes and Gompers first.

Because his wife was not at home to receive him a Canton, Ohio, man flew into a rage and killed his mother-in-law, sister-in-law and the sixteen months' old baby. It is a wise wife who knows when to be missing.

Expert testimony is divided in Chicago between a minimum wage scale and a profit-sharing plan as the best remedy for the present economic distress of wage earners and attendant evils. Profit-sharing, in our humble opinion, is the true solution.

Denver is resting complacent under the threat to overthrow the newly-installed commission form of government by means of a court decision declaring the election invalid. In that event the people, under the law, are empowered to recall the decision.

Thirty millions of dollars are planned to be spent in California by the Southern Pacific in the next two years, preparing for the added traffic, passenger and otherwise, which the opening of the Panama canal is expected to bring. That ought to help in advancing the prosperity of the state.

Foxy legislature! The bill prohibiting state officials from holding more than one position failed of passage. Senator Birdsall, the anti-Japanese mouthpiece of the governor, may enjoy his secretaryship of the lunacy commission, worth \$3,000 a year, without having to resign his senatorship.

It is well to get expert testimony on moot questions. By deciding that after a body has been interred ten years it is no longer to be regarded as human remains the state board of health has made it possible for the Chinese to exhume the bones of their dead countrymen and ship them across sea for reinterment.

Senator Oliver is a Pittsburg newspaper owner and he testified before the lobby investigating committee that he was worth only \$7,500,000. These small fry of the craft cause the brethren considerable mortification. Think how forgetful he is, too. He mislaid his steel stock certificates, but as they represented only about \$100,000 that is a trifling affair.

Disappointing as the court decision must be that the \$15,000 appropriated by the legislature to send California's Gettysburg survivors to the reunion in July it is, nevertheless, good law. The principle involved is highly important in its bearing on future legislation of the kind. The appropriation for the purpose, laudable as it was, undoubtedly, is unconstitutional.

Music



By W. Francis Gates

Closing its season last Wednesday night at the Auditorium, the Lyric Club gave a program which embodied a variety of well-sung numbers, with several solo selections. The ones that were broadest in musical construction were Bemberg's "Death of Joan of Arc," and Frederick Stevenson's "Dance of the Fays," on words from Drake's "Culprit Fay." These, with Greig's "Spring" chorus were given with all attention to detail, and in fact that nicety of shading was a notable feature of the entire concert. Homer Grunn was the leading soloist, playing several of his own compositions, effectively. He added an encore number which was brilliant in conception and performance. Local choruses are not always happy in their choice of soloists, but the Lyric women, this time, were especially fortunate. The soprano, Mrs. Marjorie Webber, new as soloist at these concerts, proved to have a sympathetic voice of good range and power and pleasing in all respects save that of a rather enlarged vibrato, so popular in Los Angeles ten and fifteen years ago. Mrs. McCune, brought out that war horse of contraltos, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," and pleased her audience with it. Miss Verne Merrick assisted in a violin obligato in one chorus. The club showed much finesse of shading in all its numbers and at times a good body of tone. Still more of the heroic would be a pleasing variety on these programs. Several of the lighter numbers were encored and repeated. Mr. Poulin conducted with his usual grace and Mrs. Hennion Robinson played the numerous piano accompaniments without notes—a feat which always wins the congratulations of the musicians in her audience as well as of the laymen.

Monday night the Orpheus Club gave the last of its concerts for this season. The soloist was Mrs. Maud Barnard, soprano and the "Massenett" quartet—possibly the French composer, whose name is not spelled that way, is intended to be thus honored. At any rate, the quartet is composed of Mrs. Bernard, Georgiana Mills, Lew Russell, tenor and Verner Campbell, bass. The leading number, in position and value, was "The Crusaders" chorus, by Edward MacDowell. One of the numbers was a chorus by Edward Earle—who, owing to existing political conditions, absolutely insists on a final "e" being attached to his name. The closing group comprised several selections from "Robin Hood" including choruses with soprano and bass solos. This choosing of numbers from a popular opera gives variety and interesting choral opportunities; for it must be admitted that a good many of the selections written for either male or female voices, exclusively, are of rather mild interest. The concert was under the direction of J. P. Dupuy.

At the meeting of the Music Teachers Association last Friday, Mrs. W. H. Jamison gave a talk on the meeting of the Federation of Music club at Chicago and on the scheme to give the Federation opera here; also, Effa Ellis was heard on her plans of teaching harmony to children. The association adopted, at the suggestion of President Ellis, a proposition to combine certain business features of the symphony orchestra and the People's orchestra.

For the annual meeting of the Music Teachers Association of California, tak-

ing place at San Francisco, July 8, 9, 10, at the St. Francis hotel, there has been secured a round trip rate of \$12 by boat. Several Los Angeles teachers will attend.

Last Monday Clifford Lott, accompanied by Mrs. Lott, gave a song program before the Ebell Club; two weeks from that day, Mr. and Mrs. Becker will give a piano and violin program at the same place.

Fred Bacon verifies my guess that the college at Claremont will devote its recent windfall of a \$100,000 legacy to the erection of a fine music hall. Mr. Bacon has been the Director of Music in that college for ten years and deserves what he says the college will now have—the finest music hall in Southern California, with a large pipe organ.

Mary L. O'Donoghue with a bevy of ten young women left Wednesday for Europe. A brass band supplied by Mayor-elect Rose played them out of the station, only it was intended as a courtesy to Col. Wm. Garland.

I see that San Bernardino has appropriated \$5,000 for city band concerts. If Los Angeles did as well in proportion it would so devote about \$200,000. But instead of that not a cent can be had for a municipal band. It may be a good thing for the people to hear music, but the Los Angeles experiment has proved that the great mass of the people will not pay for what another thinks they ought to swallow. The musical education of a really good band is not to be overlooked and it is one of the shames of the city that it has no such feature. The municipal band of four years ago did good work, but economy killed it and the city music commission died of inanition.

Last Saturday, the Dominant Club gave a program before invited friends at the Ebell club house. The meetings of this club generally require a pass word and grip, but on this occasion its seventy-five members extended the courtesy of open house to their friends. The musical program, the club's last for the current season, was as follows: Trio; Allegro, Andante (Godard), Winifred Ballard, violin, Ella von Prof. Menasio, cello; Julius Seyler, piano; Green (Debussy); aria from L'Enfant Prodigue (Debussy), Miss Blanche Ruby, Mrs. Gertrude Ross, at the piano; Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 12 (Liszt), Gertrude Cohen; May Day chorus of mixed voices (Frederick Stevenson), J. P. Poulin, director, Gertrude Ross and Kathleen Lockhart at the piano.

Harley Hamilton and family left this week for their European journey, which is to last a year or more. Mrs. Hamilton prefers London; Miss Hamilton voted for Paris and Harley feels the stronger attraction of Vienna. So the resultant compromise will find the family at each of these capitals at intervals. They will meet Mr. Hamilton's long time friend Adolf Willhartitz, Dr. Kurtz, Mary O'Donoghue, E. H. Clark and others, doubtless in their European pilgrimage. One of the last social attentions to which the Hamiltons were subject, prior to their departure, was a reception given by the members of the Woman's Orchestra at the home of Edna Foy Nehrer, last week. This orchestra was formed by Mr. Hamilton about twenty years ago and has been conducted by him continuously since

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES

At the Close of Business June 4, 1913.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$15,547,166.38
Bonds, Securities, etc. (Bonds only)	1,307,650.00
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation	1,250,000.00
New Furniture and Fixtures	146,331.51
Premium on U. S. Bonds.....	None
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	142,871.54
Cash and Sight Exchange....	6,262,445.82

Total.....\$24,656,465.25

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	2,475,513.45
Circulation	1,227,897.50
Reserved for Taxes, etc.....	22,992.97
Letters of Credit.....	145,406.54
Deposits	19,284,654.79

Total.....\$24,656,465.25

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, | ss.
County of Los Angeles, | ss.

I. W. T. S. Hammond, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this ninth day of June, 1913.

W. N. HAMAKER, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: J. M. Elliott, Stoddard Jess, John P. Burke, John S. Cravens, J. C. Drake, H. Jevne, J. O. Koepfli, F. Q. Story.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE

Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA,

At the Close of Business June 4, 1913.

(Owned by the Stockholders of The First National Bank)

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$13,090,483.79
Bonds, Securities, etc.	3,411,115.00
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures.....	1,115,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange....	4,373,445.87

Total.....\$21,990,043.86

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,320,409.87
Deposits: Demand.....	\$6,404,092.96

Time12,765,542.03 19,169,634.99

Total.....\$21,990,043.86

that time. In these years hundreds of women have played under his direction and have gone out from the orchestra to scatter the musical knowledge there gained. At this reception, about a hundred of the active and former members of the orchestra were present. Speakers were Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. R. J. Waters and Cora Foy, the latter being the first recruit for the orchestra, in her childhood days.

Next Tuesday night, Audrey Creighton, pupil of Mrs. Thilo Becker, will give a violin recital at the Gamut Club auditorium. Her program is quite ambitious and she will be assisted by Mrs. Becker and Will Garroway. Several unusual numbers will be heard on this program.

In the reports of "Everywoman" in the daily press, far too little was said concerning the music of the production, by George H. Chadwick. This music comes under the head of incidental music, but it is of so rich and unusual a character as to make the performance worthy of attendance for its own sake. In fact, the whole ensemble is more interesting than opera as it is usually given, for one does not have to sit in fear of the vocal incompetence so often in evidence. Chadwick is a gruff old chap, personally, but he can write exquisite music when he chooses, and evidently this theme inspired him.

There will be a good deal of music in the program to be given by the Turnverein Germania at the Auditorium, tonight. It is promised that there will be 700 participants and that Henry Schoenfeld will have charge of the music.

Ohlmeyer's Coronado Band will give promenade programs at the Shrine Auditorium next Monday and Tuesday nights, with light popular tunes. Ohlmeyer makes the absurd statement in

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. 014496 May 24, 1913

NOTICE is hereby given that George Francis of Cornell, Cal., who, on Dec. 28, 1911, made homestead entry No. 014496, for E 1/2 NE 1/4 Sec. 17, S 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 8, Township 1 S, Range 19 W, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 17th day of July, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a.m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles M. Decker, Charles Lawrence Weiss, J. Fred Vaughan, Frank H. Thew, all of Cornell, Cal.

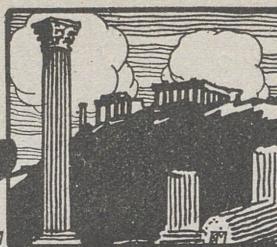
FRANK BUREN, Register.

the Express that he "is the only band conductor who presents the compositions of other band masters such as Sousa and Herbert." As a matter of fact, the tunes of these writers and of many other band masters are played by every good band in the country. No credit accrues to Mr. Ohlmeyer by such statements.

Attendance at the last concert by the People's Orchestra, Sunday afternoon dwindled to about half enough to pay hall rent—let alone orchestra. This is a normal condition in Los Angeles for benefit performances, which anyone but their promoters could forecast from scores of such performances in recent years. And still they persist. The program was a popular one, made from the lighter numbers the orchestra has given this season, and of course, was well played. Mrs. Dorn, soprano, sang an aria from "Cavalleria" successfully and Mrs. Bona read Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily" with excellent enunciation, but with an unfortunate prolongation of final consonants. The program was worthy of a large audience and the purpose—a summer playground—was equally praiseworthy. But at present writing Los Angeles does not want Sunday orchestra concerts.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.

Jules Pages—Steckel Gallery.
Miscellaneous Collection—Royer Gallery.

For the last fortnight Edmund Osthaus, the celebrated painter of dogs, has been holding an informal exhibition of about a dozen of his latest works in oil colors at his studio in the Walker Building on Grand avenue. Mr. Osthaus can scarcely be called a western painter in view of the fact that he calls New York "home" and for many years has maintained a permanent studio in that favored city, yet he has passed much of his time in Southern California in the last four years and many of his most important canvases have been executed here. The work of this painter is too well and favorably known by the majority to require any introduction at this time and it is not in my power to add to or detract from the reputation that he enjoys already as a painter of dogs and hunting scenes.

* * *

Mr. Osthaus is a specialist in the true sense of the word. His art is electrical. He has chosen to paint dogs because he understands them and because he felt that a field was open in these United States for a dog painter. I am confident that had he so willed, he could have attained equal success in almost any other choice of subject. Landscape, of course, is purely an accessory in his groups of dogs, yet, so well does he paint the landscape that it would require only a little special effort and a few technical requirements to make of this artist a landscapist of the first water. Had Mr. Osthaus set his fancy on horses, his ultimate success would have been assured, for in several of his hunting scenes he has introduced them in a masterly manner. For instance, in the two companion panels called "Wolf Hunting in California," we have the happy combination of foothill landscape, hounds, horses, and the essential to the success of any well ending hunt, the huntsmen. The secret is out. Osthaus is an excellent figure painter. He draws his human models with easy grace and a thorough understanding of anatomical articulation. His men are all specimens of character, red-blooded, kind-hearted, and whole-souled. They love the sport solely for the sport's sake and in every case it is a case of "love me, love my dog."

* * *

The two hunting scenes cited are the only two studies now on exhibition in which more than one figure is introduced. In the first panel, two men sit their handsome mounts while grouped about them are seen a dozen fine greyhounds keen for the scent. Beyond, is seen a broad expanse of chaparral and overhead arches a California sky of great beauty. In the second scene we see a group of three, two men and a woman riding ahead of the hounds, who follow in hope of finding a scent. This canvas is a trifle somber in tone yet expresses a mood of western culture readily understood by native Californians. I wish to review briefly a few of the most pleasing dog studies, all of which are of high merit and deserve more attention than my limited space affords: Mr. Osthaus is a Nimrod of attainment and vast experience, and he knows whereof he speaks when he portrays on canvas the likeness of a dog. His dogs are individuals. Each has points of individual character, irrespective of breed or pedigree. Aside from the fact that Mr. Osthaus draws his canine models with profound know-

ledge of animal anatomy and models like a past-master of the art, he sees the real good-comradeship that a dog radiates, and paints upon his canvas not merely the dog, an animal, but a dog, a friend of man. The love and loyalty of dog nature are strongly felt in all the Osthaus renderings and none of the sympathetic affection that the painter feels for his dumb models is lacking in the work shown.

"In a Strange World" is the title given to a large canvas showing an English setter and her six puppies. The little ones have ventured from the kennel for the first time and the proud mother is attempting to lead her family over the brow of a small embankment and the pups express their surprise and consternation by assuming various expressions of face and limb. This canvas is well composed, pleasing in color, and possesses a good landscape background. "Running Birds" shows a noble orange-and-white setter alert on the scent of game or as our sportsmen friends express it, "roading game." The color in this canvas is rich and juicy. It is painted in a fine manner and is remarkably well drawn. A large study just completed is called "Portraits of Little Jeff and Old Forester" and shows likenesses of two fine dogs owned by Joseph Chambers of San Francisco. These dogs were prize-winners at the last Pacific coast field trials at Bakersfield and both betray fine points of breeding. The landscape background in this canvas is notably excellent in character. A well considered study and one of great value shows a group of dogs pointing ruffed grouse. This is painted in a woodland setting in the forests of northern Michigan and depicts the splendor of full October coloring. One dog stands on the trunk of a fallen tree in the middle distance and two are placed in the immediate foreground, thus effecting a charming arrangement.

* * *

"Under the Sycamores" is a typical California canyon scene painted in Puddin'-stones Canyon at San Dimas. In the foreground are grouped two setters and a pointer, each a perfect specimen of dog-flesh. In the middle distance a group of giant sycamores in rustic dress toss fantastic branches over a ravine into which one dog points the location of game while his two companions are "backing" him. In the far distance can be seen a deep canyon with low hills, beyond and overhead glows an opalescent California sky. In this one canvas the dogs come near to being an accessory to the lovely landscape, and I am sure that Mr. Osthaus needs only a little encouragement to win him over to the painting of a pure nature study, at least once in a while.

* * *

"You've Gone Back On Us" is the expressive title given to a pictorial study at Au Sable, Michigan. It depicts a stream bordered by pines and tamarack midway of which and occupying a central position on the canvas is seen a trout angler standing knee-deep in the pearling waters. On the bank close by are seen his two faithful dogs looking on at the strange sport and wondering why their master has deserted the jolly hunt for rod and line. Two upright panels of two head studies each show pointers and setters painted in an interesting manner. These are well composed, well drawn, and remarkably fine in color. "The Proud Moment" depicts a setter bringing in a ruffed grouse. The dog stands on an eminence in the center of the composition surrounded

by thickets of red and yellow autumn shrubbery. This is broadly handled and very effective in color. All who are fond of dogs and enjoy good paintings should see these worthy examples of good dogs and good paintings, for the combination is a rare and happy one.

At the studio of David Dunn, located on the second floor of the building at the corner of Spring and Seventh streets, are to be seen a number of late canvases from the brush of this conscientious painter that rank with his best efforts in landscape art. It has been several seasons since local art lovers have had the pleasure of seeing any of Mr. Dunn's work, but a visit to his well equipped and attractive studio is sufficient proof that the painter has not been idle. I noted with pleasure a group of quick nature studies that possess much genuine merit from an artistic standpoint and are painted in a bold, free manner, full of light and air and remarkably well studied. Several of these were made in a wash near Monrovia and one in particular, a young sycamore tree in full leaf, is rendered in a spontaneous manner and is true in color and excellent in character. Several sketches made at Cudahy are graceful in composition and full of good brush work. "An Alfalfa Field" is undoubtedly the best of this group. Its color compliment is of great beauty and the whole rendering is true to nature and is handled in a subtle way. Several marines and a group of Arroyo Seco sketches deserve special mention at this time. It is to be hoped that Mr. Dunn's late work will be on public exhibition at a future date.

* * *

Two of the best known of the Los Angeles schools devoted to the instruction of art are holding exhibitions this week. Work done by the students in the course of the year is shown. The exhibition at the College of Fine Arts opened June 5 and will close next Thursday. The exhibition of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design will open with a reception Friday evening, June 13, and the exhibition room will be turned over to the general public Saturday afternoon, June 14, from 2 to 5. Review of work later.

Future of Oil Fuel

Philadelphia Record: The extraordinary rate of increase in the use of oil-burning combustion engines for motor uses, both on land and water, makes increasingly heavy demand on the crude oil supply. It is a question of some doubt whether production can be so increased as to keep pace with increased demand. As a consequence of this condition producers of petroleum as well as consumers will find joy in the announcement that by a newly discovered refining process the amount of fuel fit for use in combustion engines has been doubled in quantity without loss of quality. According to figures in the Popular Mechanics magazine, formerly 100 gallons of crude oil gave 20 gallons of gasoline, 20 gallons of kerosene and 60 gallons of fuel oil. Under the new process of refining the crude oil still gives the 20 gallons of gasoline and the 20 gallons of kerosene, while the 60 gallons of fuel oil is so refined as to give 20 gallons of what is called "motor spirit," equal in power efficiency to gasoline, the residue of 40 gallons being salable as fuel oil. Motor spirit can be sold for less than straight gasoline, and there is more mileage in it per gallon. Any reasonable assurance that the undrained sources of oil supply can be relied upon for supplanting coal as a fuel for steamships would soon lead to a great change in ocean going equipment, both for trading and warlike purposes. The saving is so large by the use of oil, because of increased cargo space and the greater range of movement without renewal of fuel supply, that steam-driven vessels would be thereby forced out of use for all long distance ocean carrying. But is there oil enough to go 'round?

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Social & Personal

Los Angeles has never witnessed a more beautiful wedding than that which united Miss Marjorie Severance, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance of San Bernardino and Los Angeles and Mr. Walter Scott McPherson, formerly of New York, and now of this city. St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral was the scene of the ceremony, which was performed at 9:30 by the Right Rev. Bishop Johnson. The pew posts blossomed with great clusters of snowy Easter lilies, and the same beautiful emblem was used with greenery to mass the altar and chancel rail. The bride entered on the arm of her father, and was attired in a robe of ivory charmeuse, with a court train. The trimming was of filmy rose point, both on the gown and on the train. Her tulle veil was caught with orange blossoms fastened with small diamond pins and her bouquet was of white orchids and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Coburn S. Marston of San Diego, who was matron of honor, and Miss Harriet Severance, who served her sister as maid of honor, were garbed in white chiffon, embroidered with silver and crystal, with girdles of pale green matching in shade the paradise aigrettes worn in the coiffures. The bridesmaids, the Misses Caroline Trask, Florence Rowan and Mary Burnham of this city and Miss Louise Boyd of San Francisco wore delicate green chiffon draped over embroidered white satin. Their girdles were of silver and their headresses were green aigrettes. All the attendants carried sheafs of American Beauty roses. Mr. John V. McPherson of New York attended his brother as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. J. C. McFarland, Roy E. Naftzger, Rodger D. Lapham and Reginald Johnson. Following the wedding ceremony a reception was held at Hotel Alexandria in the French ball room. The big dining room was a bower of American Beauty roses, the bridal table forming an especially striking picture. The centerpiece was the wedding cake, decked with lilies of the valley, and behind each chair stood a tall gilt vase holding masses of roses. Each small table had a centerpiece of the blossoms. Mr. and Mrs. McPherson are enjoying a wedding trip, and after its termination will return to Los Angeles to make their home.

Another important wedding of the week was that of Mrs. Volney Gage to Mr. Chalmers Couts Gray of San Diego, which took place at the home of former Governor and Mrs. Henry T. Gage at Downey. Mr. and Mrs. Gage have regarded the bride as their own daughter, and Mr. Gage gave her in marriage to the bridegroom. The beautiful home on the Downey ranch was abloom with buds and blossoms and ferns, a color scheme of pink and green being carried out with roses and sweet pease and feathery fern fronds. In the drawing room an altar was arranged before a big bay window canopied with the blossoms and greenery. The bride was attired in white charmeuse satin trimmed with old lace and girdled with crystals. Her veil of rare old lace was gathered cap-fashion over the hair and caught with orange blossoms. Her bouquet was a shower of lilies of the valley and white orchids. Mrs. Francis Gage, herself a bride of comparatively recent date was gowned in a Parisian robe of white charmeuse with lace and crystal trimming and French rosebuds, and her bouquet was of pink sweet pease and maidenhair ferns. Miss Fanta Gage and Miss Vera Henshaw, the bridesmaids were in pale pink charmeuse with lace garniture and their bouquets were also of pink sweet

pease, while little Clarita Lugo, in a dainty white frock and pink ribbons scattered rose petals in the bridal path. Mr. Francis Gage acted as best man, and Mr. C. J. Couts and Mr. John Winston were the ushers. A wedding supper was served after the ceremony and informal reception. The bridal table was fragrant with pink roses and ferns, and the other tables were similarly decked. Mr. and Mrs. Gray are enjoying a wedding trip, and on their return will occupy Mr. Gray's country home at Rancho Vuena Vista, San Diego.

Miss Martha Braly Woolwine is back from the National Cathedral School, Washington, D. C., where she has been a student since her return from a six months' tour of Europe last year. Miss Woolwine's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine have just bought a handsome home at the corner of Lake and Twelfth streets, which they remodelled in readiness for their daughter's homecoming. The Woolwines formerly occupied the historic Baron Togaiat place at Broadway and Prichard streets.

Miss Emmeline Childs was the guest of honor at a delightful luncheon given Wednesday afternoon by Miss Emma Conroy, where the guests included childhood friends of Miss Childs and the hostess.

Mrs. Edward Magauran, 817 Alvarado street, and Mrs. Benjamin F. Church of 1617 Alvarado street, entertained Tuesday afternoon at Hotel Mt. Washington with an auction bridge luncheon. The tables were decked with wild flowers and place and tally cards were monogrammed in gold. Assisting as hostesses at the different tables were Mmes. R. B. Williamson, H. K. Williamson, W. D. Campbell, A. G. Voight, C. B. Nichols and J. G. Warren.

This afternoon Miss Ethel Crowell of South Alvarado street is to give a luncheon in honor of Miss Margaret Bache, daughter of Mrs. L. D. Bache of Norwood street, who is to become the bride of Chesterfield Crank Tuesday evening, June 24. The ceremony is to be read at the St. John's Episcopal church, and the attendants will include Miss Carolyn Bache, who is to act as maid of honor; Miss Ione Thompson, Miss Harriet Maile, Miss Jane Darling of Salt Lake City and Miss Katherine Kessler of Oakland. Mr. Crank will be attended by Mr. Horace Elder, while the ushers will be Messrs. William Brown, Robert Maynes of Andover, Mass., and Julian Clark of Norfolk, Va. Monday afternoon, June 23, Miss Carolyn Bache will give a tea at the Alexandria for her sister, and Monday evening Mrs. F. E. McGuirrin of Salt Lake will compliment her with a dinner party, while Thursday evening, Miss Bache will entertain her bridal party at dinner.

Oscar Wilde's sparkling play, "The Importance of Being Earnest" will be used as the vehicle with which the Los Angeles Amateur Players Club will entertain their members Tuesday evening, June 24. Concerned in the performance will be Mrs. Ralph Williams, Mrs. Stephen W. Dorsey, Mrs. Norman Macbeth, Messrs. George Zimmer, Horace R. Boynton, Frederick Bayly, Norman Macbeth and Charles Miner Stevens.

Mrs. F. W. King of Westlake avenue has returned from the east with her two daughters, the Misses Gertrude and Madeline, who have been attending school in New York City.

One of the delightful affairs of the week was the tea given in honor of Mrs. W. L. Bretherton by Mrs. Thomas J. Douglass, Jr., and Mrs. Joseph King-

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man Ellison at the home of the latter in Gramercy place. The house was embowered with blossoms. Assisting the hostesses were Mrs. Mathew S. Robertson, Mrs. Forrest Q. Stanton, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. George Drake Ruddy, Mrs. Hamilton Fay, Mrs. Paul Davidson, Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. J. W. McAlester, Mrs. W. M. Alexander, Mrs. S. C. Dunlap, Mrs. George M. Munger, Mrs. J. G. Ellison and Miss Mercedes de Luna.

Preparations are all completed for the fete to be given at the Shrine Auditorium this evening by the Los Angeles Orphans' Home Auxiliary, which is composed of popular young society girls. There will be moving pictures, dancing, candy, ice cream, tobacco booths, flower girls, refreshment corners, etc., to swell the fund for the benefit of the little homeless ones. Serving as a floor committee will be Messrs. M. J. Connell, Bernal Dyas, E. Avery McCarthy, Leo Youngworth, John G. Mott, Dr. Guy Cochran, Captain Randolph H. Miner, Dr. Ernest A. Bryant and Dr. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven, while the patronesses include Mrs. W. G. Barnard, Mrs. E. A. Bryant, Mrs. C. H. Dick, Mrs. Theodore Eisen, Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Mrs. Lee Phillips, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. O. C. Bryant, Mrs. Baker P. Lee, Mrs. John Mott, Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth, Mrs. T. T. Greaves, Mrs. Nathaniel Myrick, Mrs. John R. Haynes, Mrs. W. G. Kerckhoff, Mrs. Granville MacGowan,

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Mrs. Gilbert S. Wright and her children are established in the Wright's summer home in Toronto, where Mr. Wright will join them later in the season.

Miss Marie Rose Mullen and her niece, Miss Cecile Hoffman, are in the East enroute for a trip abroad. Miss Hoffman's engagement to Mr. P. J. McGarry was announced last week.

Mrs. Albert H. Busch and her daughter, Miss Amy Busch have returned from the east, accompanied by Miss Gretchen Gorton of New York City, who is a schoolmate of Miss Busch.

Mr. and Mrs. Don E. Lee of 514 Shatto place and their house guest, Miss Olney have returned from a motor trip to Coronado.

Los Angeles society folks are rejoicing in the return of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jevne, who have been abroad for several months.

This afternoon Mrs. Frederick Hooker Jones of 325 West Adams street is to entertain with a large garden party in honor of Mrs. Russell Judson Waters. With Mrs. Jones and her complimented guest will stand a number of the most prominent society and club women of the city.

Professor and Mrs. Raymond McDonald Alden and children will arrive next week for a visit with Mrs. Alden's mother, Mrs. S. A. Woodcock of 2310 Cimarron street. Professor Alden is head of the English department in the University of Illinois and a critical writer of pronounced ability.

Friday afternoon, June 20, the beautiful grounds of Woodhurst, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Franc Oglivy Wood of South Bernardo avenue, Alhambra will be thrown open for the garden fete to be given by the Church of Our Saviour at San Gabriel. The hours are from three to six, and there will be a delightful program of music and fancy dancing, while attractive young girls will sell flowers, cigarettes, refreshments, etc. Small tables will be scattered about the ground. Acting as patronesses for the afternoon are Mrs. J. R. Atwill, Mrs. S. R. Burns, Mrs. G. W. Purcell, Mrs. D. C. Mullock, Mrs. J. P. Lawton and Mrs. Phelps Reed. The proceeds of the fete are to be devoted to the purchase of a new pipe organ for the church.

At Hotel del Coronado

Among the Los Angelans who have been guests at Coronado this week are Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Montgomery, Frank Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. O. Kortch, Mrs. Alice H. MacKay, Mrs. Francis L. Ware, Messrs. A. R. Jackson, H. O. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Albert W. Moore, Mrs. G. J. Remer and Mrs. E. R. Gregory.

Mrs. Augustus Freese and her two daughters, the Misses Marie Louise and Kate Freese and Prince Stanislaus Sulkowski of Austria motored to Coronado for the week end.

World's Gold Production

Recent estimates for the first quarter of 1913 indicate little, if any, increase in the world's annual gold production. Even the Transvaal has increased its output less than \$1,000,000 over the same three months in 1912. This raises interesting questions: "What characterizes the amount of gold production in 1911," lately remarked the Econo-

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miste Francais of Paris, "and characterizes it in a manner progressively more marked, is the fact that such increase as exists in the annual rate of output is due solely to the Transvaal. If that country had not been able to bring in a considerable addition to its production of previous years, the sum total of the world's output last year would have decreased from 1911. It is true that secondary gold producers—Rhodesia, Canada, India, South America—have made some gains, but their increase was slight. And on the other hand, among the really large producers, Australia and the United States have decreased decidedly in their gold output, and the story is the same of Russia and Mexico. No important discovery of new deposits was made last year any more than in the year preceding. One country on which the hopes of brokers in that direction have converged is western Africa; but that district is far from making good the promise which it seemed to give at the time of its entry into the ranks of the world's producers some years ago. "It is probable that a check to the increase in the world's gold production must now be looked for, and that at least a stationary rate of output, if not an actual shrinkage, appears probable during the coming years. That outlook has, however, nothing disquieting about it. The gold already annually produced would appear amply sufficient for the needs of humanity, and it is open to question whether fresh, rapid and continuous increase in production would not have much more disadvantages than advantages."

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

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Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.



By Caroline Reynolds

When a comedy is so deliciously clever and so delicately satirical as "The Concert," the suggestion of risqué situations is not offensive; especially when the situation is a logical sequence and not dragged in merely as an appeal to sensation. Therefore, a discussion of the moral qualities of this scintillating comedy by Herman Bahr—adapted by Leo Ditrichstein for his own use—would be as absurd as an objection to the nudity of the Venus de Milo. There is more to "The Concert" than an excuse for laughter. The little foibles, the childlike eccentricities which are so truly masculine, but which belong especially to genius are held up to the light and gently satirized; as is the foolish adoration of feminine folk for the dreamy eyed musician or actor who approaches their ideals. And the other side is the devotion of the wise, kindly woman whose love is so complete that it is that of both mother and wife, whose husband is both husband and child.

Gabor Arany is the genius, a musician of the type which attracts women as a honeypot attracts bees. Gabor is of a temperament truly artistic—the conceit, the naive worship of self, the lovable childlike which so endears genius. Love is as necessary to him as the breath of life. He adores all women; he worships his wife. For many years she patiently waits in the background, sure of the true quality of his love for her; knowing that his wild fancies for other women are but flames that soon die. But patience topples from her pedestal at last when Gabor announces that he is going off on a private concert tour which Mrs. Arany knows is merely an excuse to take a pretty, foolish young woman to his cabin in the mountains. Through the jealousy of one of Gabor's pupils, both Mrs. Arany and Dr. Fred Dallas, husband of Gabor's little fairy, are apprised of the situation. Dallas is a wholesome, sane man; he is determined that if his wife really loves Arany and Arany loves her, he will not stand in their way and makes a pact with Mrs. Arany that she too will step aside if their love is real.

In the mountain cabin, however, Flora Dallas discovers that to Arany she is simply "one of many," and just as she is regretting her foolish escapade, her husband and Gabor's wife appear with the astounding news that they have discovered an affinity between themselves and are prepared to divorce Gabor and Flora—otherwise simply trade husbands and wife. This prosaic translation of their romance does not appeal to Gabor and Flora. Gabor is appalled at the idea of losing his wife. It is well enough for him to wander down pleasant by-ways, but his wife must stick to the straight road of matrimonial duty. Of course, the little plot concocted by Dallas and Mrs. Arany works to perfection. Flora escapes with her husband from Mrs. Arany, whom she terms "a designing woman," while Gabor, thrilling with gratitude, makes all sorts of good resolutions—which we know will be broken—and turns to Mrs. Arany like a helpless child. Women may learn much from "The Concert;" not merely the wives of genius, but the wives of all men, for it expresses the truth that after all men are but grown up boys, and must be treated as such.

The production at the Morosco takes audiences back to those old delightful days when histrionic performances

of well balanced excellence were assured by our stock companies. Harrison Hunter in the role of Gabor Arany proves once more his value. Hunter gives us a new Arany, patterned not the least after Ditrichstein's, which shows a rare discretion. He is at once the musician and the man; with the artistic side of his nature slightly subdued to the masculine. His delightful enunciation is one of the charms of his performance. There are but one or two moments in the three acts that Mr. Hunter strikes a false note. One of these is in his imitation of playing the piano, which lacks conviction, and the other is his slightly hysterical protest against growing old. Frances Ring is seen in a new role as Mrs. Arany. She deftly suggests maturity—the lovely, mellow maturity of the gracious, loving woman, and her little touches of emotion are very appealing. Grace Valentine has an excellent role as the foolish Mrs. Dallas, although she dresses the character in bad taste; and William Desmond has the best part of his local engagement as Doctor Dallas. The adoring damsels are pictured by a bevy of pretty girls and there are minor roles of excellence, including the ludicrous Miss Merk pictured with capital effect by Fanny Yantis. The mountain cabin of the Arany family is a weird conception of the scenic artist and not an effective background.

Novelties at the Orpheum.

There is a varied program offered for the delectation of the Orpheum patrons this week, with Jessie Busley, of Nance Olden fame headlined in a Rupert Hughes sketch, "Miss 318." Hughes' stories of "Miss 318" in one of the popular weekly magazines were amusing to a high degree, but the stage version, while enlightened by several moments of comedy, is rather commonplace as to plot and lacks verity. The stage setting is as crude as that carried by a barnstorming company, which reacts against the sketch. Miss Busley herself, as Lizette Mooney, is a second Maggie Pepper, with Maggie's scope for acting. Laddie Cliff, the English boy comedian, is back with us again. Laddie's songs may be dismissed without comment, but Laddie's dancing is of a polish and grace rarely seen. It is real dancing, not merely turkey trotting or stepping, and would that there was more twinkling of his toes and less pouring out of his voice! An ambitious act, so far as numbers and size is concerned is "Kris Kringle's Dream," which has been seen here before, both as a vaudeville turn and as a musical comedy. There are several good comedians and half a dozen well trained dancing girls. The collie ballet is an unusual and pretty feature. Lester, the American ventriloquist, is undoubtedly the best of his profession that the Orpheum has ever housed. His dummy has several new stunts and Lester's ventriloquism is wonderful. Charles and Adelaide Wilson help to pass the time in music and merriment. Holding over are Ben Linn, the ragtime man, those winsome Curzon sisters and Don, the talking dog.

Offerings For Next Week

Leo Ditrichstein's popular comedy satire, "The Concert," in which the Morosco company has been making a pronounced success this week, will be withdrawn Sunday afternoon to make way for the first stock production of the drama "The Master of the House," which has never been given west of Chicago. "The Master of the House" is

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and his celebrated orchestra whose superb concerts will be a feature of After-Theater Suppers in the Exclusive Mission Grill

After the matinee the ladies will take delight in the dainty Afternoon Tea served in the Main Dining Salon

an emotional drama that should be well suited to the talents of the Morosco players. It is the story of a man well along in years into whose home comes a young adventuress who is trying to lure his son into marriage. Finding that the young man will be disinherited in that event, she turns her wiles on his father, and in spite of his years and experience and the devotion of his wife, he proves the old adage, "there is no fool like an old fool," and comes near to wrecking his matrimonial ship on the shores of Circe's island. Harrison Hunter will have an especially fine part, and other members of the company will be given excellent opportunity, particularly Frances Ring.

Although Byron Beasley's reappearance on the Burbank stage in a revival of "The Fox" was scheduled for Sunday afternoon, it has again been postponed because of the success of the Chapin farce, "C. O. D.," which is crowding the theatre to the door every performance. The third week of this play will begin Sunday afternoon, but it is announced that it will be the last. "C. O. D." is one of the biggest laughing successes which the Burbank has enjoyed, but it will be taken off next week to permit Mr. Beasley, one of the most popular leading men that have trod the local boards, to appear with Forrest Stanley and the other Burbank players in his original role of Peter Delaney. "The Fox" has been revised since it was first seen here, and though its original plot remains the same there have been many changes made. The same remarkable stage setting which characterized its first production will be used in the revival. The demand for seats for Mr. Beasley's reappearance proves his immense popularity in this city.

Gus Edwards, whose popular songs have made him known everywhere, tops the Orpheum bill for the week opening Monday matinee, June 16. He brings his company of twenty-five, in-

cluding Lillian Boardman in a pretentious production, "The Fountain of Youth, in Six Spouts." It is really a song revue of 1912, in six acts. The travesty spirit prevails in the offering, which extends from the sidewalks of New York to Italy, back to New York, with scenes from popular musical comedies, etc., and with the last scene in Central Park, where a new moonlight song, composed by Mr. Edwards especially for this act, will be given. W. H. Lytell, a veteran of the stage and Miss Shirley DeMe will be seen in "An All Night Session," a hilarious comedy in which Mr. Lytell has the role of the "stay-out-all-night" man, and Miss DeMe acts as his foil. Dog acrobats are offered in Meehan's canine act. General Pisano is an Italian sharpshooter whose record of 20 hits in 20 seconds has never been equalled. Holding over are Jessie Busley and her company in "Miss 318," Lester, the excellent ventriloquist, and Laddie Cliff, and there will be new motion pictures and a special musical program. A week later the Orpheum will celebrate its annual anniversary week with a specially selected program.

Summer Lectures at Cumnock Hall

Edward Howard Griggs, a noted lecturer, formerly a member of the faculty of Stanford University, will come to Los Angeles the latter part of this month for a course of sixteen lectures at Cumnock School of Expression, beginning July 1. Each year this educational institution brings a well known lecturer, and this season Professor Griggs will cover a general scope of the liberal arts. The two series will include "Human Progress: A Study of Modern Civilization," "Art and the Human Spirit: the Meaning and Relation of Sculpture, Painting, Poetry and Music." The series on "Art and the Human Spirit" will be given in the evening, while the other series will take place in the morning, being particularly adapted for women.

Pioneering in Arizona

BY THOS. L. SHULTZ

X.

In 1865 George W. Vickroy came over to Turkey Creek from the placers of the Hassayampa river, and found Robert Groom, Henry Clifton, E. Martin Smith and others in possession of a mining claim which they called the Bully Bueno, from the surface workings of which considerable rich gold ore had been taken and the values extacted by means of the old-fashioned arrastra process. Not a great deal of development had been done on the property, nevertheless Vickroy made a deal with the owners, in which he agreed to pay them \$150,000 for the mine. He procured a bond, and immediately set out for Philadelphia, where he succeeded in inducing the owners of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Asa Whitney Car Wheel Company, and others of the large iron manufacturing concerns of that city to form a mining company for the purpose of buying and operating the Bully Bueno. It was certainly a gigantic scheme to undertake in those days, for the western terminus of the railroad was then at Fort Leavenworth, Kas., and the proposition was to transfer a stamp mill and other heavy machinery from the city of Philadelphia to the mine in the mountains of Yavapai county.

Three hundred thousand dollars in cash were subscribed for a starter, and a twenty-stamp mill complete, a cumbersome engine, and three old-style flue boilers (such as were used on steam-boats) were shipped to Fort Leavenworth, and from there hauled overland, which undertaking required thirty team teams and a small army of attendants. Three hundred of the finest bred Missouri mules were driven across the plains hauling the paraphernalia of the company, and upon arrival of the caravan at its destination, plans were immediately made for the erection of the mill under the supervision of William Helme, a master machinist and millwright, who was employed and sent out by the company for that purpose, and who had full charge of the construction of the plant. Soon after, however, Major Coffin, an old military officer, was commissioned by the company to act as general superintendent of its affairs.

Operations had not gone far at the Bully Bueno when trouble with the various tribes of Indians that infested the country was imminent, and bands of Apaches who were committing depredations on every hand kept the camp in a constant state of excitement. Several old-timers were employed at the mine, among whom were Cornelius Davis, Sam Miller, Judge N. L. Griffin, John White, Chas. B. Genung and Dr. Kendall, the latter acting as resident physician. Of those mentioned above, the writer only knows of two now living. They are C. B. Genung and Judge Griffin, both residents of Yavapai where they have been living nearly fifty years.

One morning after a series of attacks by the Apaches, the amputated leg of an Indian was discovered dangling from the limb of a tree near camp. The superintendent after finding the dead body of the Apache from which the leg had been severed, made inquiries as to who had killed him, and was informed by Cornelius Davis (better known as Judge Jeff Davis) that it was he, and that he had hung the leg on the limb of the tree as a deadly warning to other members of the tribe, and, further, to impress upon them the fact that they would find it more conducive to health and whole skins to give the camp a wide berth. Davis was a typical westerner and was familiar with the ways of the "red skins." Probably, his action would have proved beneficial and an intimidation to the savages, but the superintendent ordered the leg

taken down and buried with the body. Not long after the mill was completely destroyed by fire. The superintendent contended and so reported, that the mill was set on fire by lightning in a thunderstorm, but the majority of those in camp attributed it to the hostile Indians. There were a few who thought that Manager Wm. Helme could have explained the cause of the fire if he had so desired, as he was a true "tenderfoot" and his environment was not at all suited to his Quaker instincts; in other words he was constantly in fear of losing his life, and the quickest way to see dear old Philadelphia again, was first to get rid of the mill. At any rate as soon as the property was destroyed Mr. Helme paid off every man in the employ of the company. After selecting six good mules and a light wagon, he disposed of the remainder of the animals and "outfit" and hiring "Hank" Williams (now living on the Santa Maria, Ariz.) as driver, started for Leavenworth. When he reached Philadelphia he reported the state of affairs at the mine to the company, resigned, and resumed his former position as manager of the Whitney Car Wheel works. It is claimed that the attempted exploitation of the Bully Bueno cost the company more than \$600,000 and it met with a dismal failure.

Later, an Easterner named Curtiss was sent out to look after the company's interests, but there was nothing further done, and the property was finally turned back to Vickroy. He came out to the mine and gathered what information was obtainable regarding the destruction of the mill. He charged the depredation to the Indians and put in a claim against the government for damages. After years of waiting the claim department at Washington allowed Vickroy \$400,000, but congress to this day has not voted the appropriation, and the money has never been paid.

* * *

One thing that strengthened Vickroy's case in his application for damages in the Bully Bueno matter, was the continued destruction of the white man's property and the many murders that were being constantly committed by the Apaches in those days. It was just about the time of the burning of the mill, that two men, Harvey Twadell and Gus Swain, who were prospecting on the Hassayampa, were attacked and the former was killed by an Apache arrow. He lived eight or nine days after receiving his fatal wound. The arrow was extracted by Swain who just pulled the shaft out by force, to find after doing so, that the flint head remained. After Twadell died Swain's curiosity led him to extract the arrow head from the body of his dead comrade, and upon performing this crude surgical operation he declared that the flint had actually punctured the heart, but that in extracting the arrow the flint head had been withdrawn from the heart and pulled off when it came in contact with the inner tissues of the chest. The Indians killed Swain about a year after this tragedy, on Walnut Creek, about forty miles west of Prescott.

In 1882 Vickroy again returned to Arizona to inspect the Bully Bueno, which property he had retained for fifteen years. After a short time at the mine and in Prescott, he went to Denver; was taken sick there and never recovered. Marion E. Vickroy, his wife, continued the fight for the \$400,000 indemnity—allowed by the government, and devoted a great deal of time at Washington in endeavoring to get the claim ratified by congress and the appropriation made. Several years ago Mrs. Vickroy visited Prescott in connection with the affairs pertaining to the Bully Bueno. While out driving

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	Monday, June 23—ANNIVERSARY WEEK—Complete Extraordinary New Bill.	

with a friend, the team took fright and Mrs. Vickroy was thrown from the vehicle and killed.

Uncle Jimmy Moore, who is well known to all the old residents of Prescott, believing the property had been abandoned, relocated it, and did the assessment work for several years. He finally made application for a United States patent, but after going through a considerable part of the red tape proceeding required in such matters, his application was finally returned to the United States land office at Prescott for a rehearing. Since then other parties have relocated and are in possession of the old Bully Bueno, but the title to the property (unless recently adjusted) is in such a complicated state that it is hard to tell who will ultimately become its actual owner. The relation of the unenviable history of this old mining venture is only a repetition of what many eastern "tenderfoot" companies have experienced in the way of mining operations in the western country in the past. Comparatively little real development has ever been done on the Bully Bueno. Still the company spent more than half a million dollars, most of it on a mill and its incumbent expenses, before they knew whether there was a mine with sufficient ore in it to justify the enormous expenditure or not. Quite likely with proper development, the old Bully Bueno, Arizona's first objective of a bunch of "wildcatters" (but not the last by several and then some) could be made a profitable producer. Judging by the excellent showing made in its surface workings, and the results achieved by others who have gone to work in a correct and systematic manner on properties of a similar character in the county. The operations of such an outfit as here described is a decided injury to any mine in any country.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
June 2, 1913.

Non-coal.

06304

NOTICE is hereby given that Frank Spter. of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on May 25, 1909, made homestead entry No. 06304, for E 1/2 NW 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4 SW 1/4, Section 21, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 22d day of July, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles O. Montague, Charles Fanetti, Nadeau M. Valen Zulila, Ira Sheekles, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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NOTICE OF CONTEST.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Los Angeles, California.

May 24, 1913.

To Myrtle F. Powell of Los Angeles, Cal., contestee:

You are hereby notified that George Wilson who gives 1713 Eagle St., Los Angeles, Cal., as his post-office address, did on April 24, 1913, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Timber and Stone application, serial No. 018061, made March 13, 1913, for the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the west half of the southwest quarter of Section 11, and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter Section 14, Township 1 south, Range 17 west, San Bernardino Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said land has been filed upon as stone and timber land, that said land is not stone and timber land but is farming land and agricultural in character and is suitable for entry and homestead.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be cancelled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

Notes From Bookland

Recently published books of the John Lane Company include "Welcome to Our Street," by Julian Street, telling of life on Broadway at night, the big hotels, cabaret restaurants, theaters, etc.; "April Panhasard," by Muriel Hine, author of "Earth Half in Earnest," etc., the title of the book being the name assumed by the heroine, who is anxious to conceal her identity from scandal mongers; "Sirenica," by W. Compton Leith, author of "Apologia Diffidentis," being a story of the song of the Sirens heard throughout ages "luring genius past attainment to the unattainable ideal;" "Deborah," by Lascelles Abercrombie, author of "Emblems of Love," etc., a tragedy in blank verse, and "Knowledge and Life," by William Arkwright, bright discussions of various subjects.

How old is the earth? Quite an interesting problem. Arthur Holmes in "The Age of the Earth," just added by Harper & Brothers to "Harper's Library of Living Thought," traces the history of the earth's time problem from the primitive creation myths, through Bishop Usher's famous chronology, the views of Lyell, Darwin, Lord Kelvin, etc., down to the latest speculations. Mr. Holmes points out the wide discrepancies between the results deduced from the various methods of computing time—by geology, astronomy, the thermal energy of the sun, etc.—and seeks to mitigate them by discussing the possibility and consequences of reconciliation. Diagrams and index and bibliography of the subject give additional value to the volume.

Dr. Henry C. Rowland, whose latest volume, "The Apple of Discord," has just been published, is a great traveler and has an especial fondness for small craft. He built a motor boat in London a few years ago, sailed her to Havre, and thence, after many adventures, across the European continent, through picturesque canals and rivers, up the Rhine and down the Danube, and finally was wrecked in an equinoctial gale off the Turkish coast.

Rev. George L. Clark, author of "Silas Deane," just published, is a graduate of Amherst college, class of '72, and of Union Theological college, '76. He has held pastorates in New England, and for the last thirteen years in the Congregational church in Wethersfield, where his taste for research was gratified by the surroundings in the historic town and the nearby libraries of New Haven and Hartford.

"The Influence of Monarchs Upon History," by Frederick Adams Woods, and "Roman Farm Management," a translation of Varro and Cato with modern parallels, are two notable books to be published on the same date by the Macmillan company, which is also bringing out a new and cheaper edition of the Bohn Library. Thirteen volumes of the latter are now ready, and thirteen other volumes are in course of preparation.

The first of the new edition of Joseph Conrad's books, "Youth," "Lord Jim," "The Point of Honor," and "Romance," is announced by the Doubledays with a reprinting of "Youth." It is added that books by Conrad published five, ten, or even twelve years ago are selling better now than they have been for several years. Besides this house, the Macmillan company and Harper & Brothers have announced new editions of Conrad volumes.

Among the importations of Charles Scribner's Sons is the concluding volume of "The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley — 1817-1873," called by her grandson, Richard Edgcombe, regarding social and political events of Lady Shelley's life and peculiarities of famous men and women of her time.

Passionate Reader to His Poet

Doth it not thrill thee, Poet,
Dead and dust though thou art,
To feel how I press thy singing
Close to my heart?

Take it at night to my pillow,
Kiss it before I sleep.
And again when the delicate morning
Beginneth to peep?

See how I bathe thy pages
Here in the light of the sun;
Through thy leaves, as a wind among
roses,
The breezes shall run.

Feel how I take thy poem
And bury within it my face,
As I pressed it last night in the heart of
a flower,
Or deep in a dearer place.

Think, as I love thee, Poet,
A thousand love beside,
Dear women love to press thee too
Against a sweeter side.

Art thou not happy, Poet?
I sometimes dream that I
For such a fragrant fame as thine
Would gladly sing and die.

Say, wilt thou change thy glory
For this same youth of mine?
And I will give my days i' the sun
For that great song of thine.

—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Big Merger of Building Companies

Interest in local real estate building and investment circles is centered this week in the merger of several home building and investment companies of Los Angeles, the deal having been pending for several weeks. The amalgamation includes the original Home Builders of Los Angeles, the Suburban Development Company, the Elliott Wright company, the Suburban Securities Company and the Elliott Supply Company, which are now under the control of the Home Builders. The business offices will be located at the regular headquarters of the Home Builders in the Mason Opera House building, the sale of real estate belonging to the control companies to be conducted from the offices of the original Home Builders and the Suburban Development Company in the Van Nuys Building. All contracts and other assets acceptable to the Home Builders will be transferred to that corporation, to be replaced in the respective companies by agreeable securities issued by the Home Builders. The combine will make the total resources of the big company \$3,000,000, with surplus and undivided profits of \$1,000,000. Carl Elliott, who has been president of the original Home Builders temporarily becomes chief executive of the Suburban Development Company. As soon as expedient, however, the officers of the combined corporations will be made identical with those of the Home Builders, except that Elliott will retain a vice presidency in both of the former organizations. Home Builders, with its new affiliations will control one thousand houses, being paid for on contract, and will own more than a thousand acres of land in Los Angeles, representing a total value of \$5,000,000.

Inquiries have been made regarding the identity of Miss S. C. Nethersole, who wrote "Wilsam," only recently from the press. She is a "newly discovered" author, one of a family of nine children, brought up in an old farmhouse, Crizhall Court, lying between the villages of Goodnestone and Staple, five miles from the ancient town of Sandwich, Kent, where the Nethersoles have owned land as far back as the twelfth century. "Wilsam" displays an intimate knowledge of this part of England, and has to do with farm life and farm customs.

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Bernard Shaw Swindled

Boston Transcript: George Bernard Shaw is said to have been the victim of an impudent swindle recently, the sum involved being £525. Mr. Shaw, however, has so far declined to make any statement on the subject for publication. It is reported that one day a messenger boy delivered an envelope at Mr. Shaw's residence and stated that he had been told to wait for an answer. In this envelope was a letter purporting to come from F. W. Pethick Lawrence, co-editor of Votes for Women, requesting that an inclosed crossed check for £525, payable to Mr. Pethick Lawrence, might be exchanged for an open check for the same amount, so that cash might be obtained forthwith. Mr. Shaw is familiar with Mr. Lawrence's handwriting, and believing the letter and check to be genuine he drew an open check, which he handed the messenger. It was subsequently found that this check had been presented at Mr. Shaw's bank within a very short time of its having been drawn. The forged check was sent to the bank a couple of days later, and it was not until forty-eight hours after it had been presented that the fraud was discovered. It was returned from a Tunbridge Wells bank with a formal notification that the drawer had no account. Mr. Shaw, on learning this, at once communicated with Mr. Lawrence, who was found to be entirely ignorant of the matter. Mr. Shaw has not, it is understood, reported the matter to the police.

Mr. Bryan and Radishes

Boston Herald: We like to think of Mr. William J. Bryan as secretary of state sauntering in the public market and with a large basket swinging from his left arm. This is a truly Democratic administration. So in the heroic days Judge Forbes, or Lawyer Delano, or the Rev. Zachary Eddy, would go home in Northampton with an old-fashioned codfish having brown paper wrapped about the middle. But we deplore Mr. Bryan's passion for radishes. "You know," said the secretary, "I'm just crazy about white radishes. No other kind will do." It is true that Galen recommended the eating of radishes before dinner, but only as a laxative. Dioscorides said that the radish is emetic, diuretic, a cleanser of the spleen, beneficial in cynanche and alexipharmac taken internally or applied externally. It may also be that it is an antidote to poisonous substances and venomous animals, a remedy against poisoning by henbane and mushroom, in obstructions of the liver and in jaundice. At the end of the 16th century radishes were eaten raw or boiled in broth, and in the 17th as a sauce with meats. Wild radishes reveal witches, especially in Germany. With honey the radish restores hair in baldness. But what says Bruerinus? "Roots, the wealth of some countries, and sole food, are windy and bad, or troublesome to the head, as onions, garlic, scallions, turnips, carrots, radishes, parsnips."

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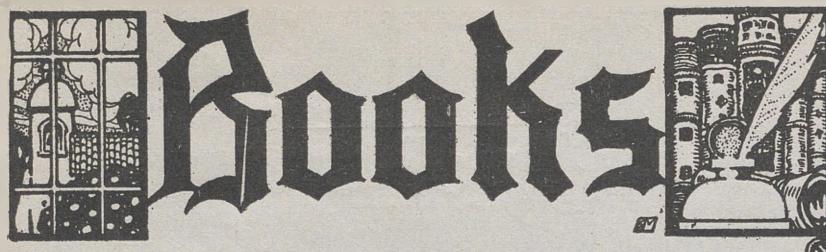
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
016708. Not coal lands.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
(April 28, 1913)

NOTICE is hereby given that Guy Cochran, whose post-office address is 515 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 24th day of October, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016708, to purchase the W 1/2 NW 1/4, N 1/2 SW 1/4, Section 14, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00 and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 18th day of July, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention
to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.



Books

Africa has long been a name to conjure with to most readers. Africa calls up dangerous adventures with black giants and impossible fierce beasts; but there is more to that land than the gold coast, the veldt, the pyramids and the Sahara. The Africa of Masefield's "Multitude and Solitude," of Hitchens' "Garden of Allah," of Pierre Loti, shows something of the infinite variety of that marvelous land, but there is an Africa not so well known to the stay-at-homes and that is French Africa, a land that is quite modern, hardly dangerous, and most beautiful. Cedar forests and orange groves, green hills and white villages, French officers and picturesque natives make the country that Miss Betham-Edwards so delightfully writes about in her new book, which is one of memories, not of observation of present day conditions. The author exhibits a fondness for the out-of-the-way corners, and a sure appreciation of the beautiful. Her writing is a simple and leisurely description of Algiers — the country and the people. She had the good fortune to travel at a time when the visitor was treated as a guest, entertained, and proudly shown the wonders of the country. One can hardly believe that Algeria would now be as hospitable: one imagines that even there the traveler must now force his way about, at best unnoticed by the inhabitants. How inferior is living in hotels and hiring guides and automobiles for sightseeing, compared with being entertained by the governor, or M. le Colonel and the first families. Miss Betham-Edwards has in several books revealed her liking for the French and France, and now in this narrative of two journeys betrays that the fact that the country is French is what appeals most to her. She shows that in this instance also, whatever has been touched by the French has been transformed into beauty and romance. Algeria in her picturing is a land to dream in, or, if one be not so fortunate, at least to dream over. ("In French Africa." By M. Betham-Edwards. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Why They Fail"

In "Why They Fail" Mr. Robinson sets forth vividly the corruption in modern life and lays the blame where it rightly rests,—on a faulty moral training of children. Though the diagnosis is correct, we are not much nearer a cure for the disease. After reading a careful review of psychological authority we are led to an admission that activity is the greatest sanative agent, and to an agreement to the justice of the present emphasis of manual training in education. "The chief end of man is an action not a thought" says Carlyle. Now that the schools have recognized this, tardily, as is the manner of educational institutions, it is time for the church to apply the findings of psychology to the development and training of the moral sense. By so doing the church may hope to regain her place as a force among men. The church should not leave all ethical training to the schools, but should help intelligently. The reader arrives at this point in the argument assenting, but the practical way out is still somewhat vague. Mr. Robinson now suggests an application of this scientific theory in a practical step: he will develop the moral sense by getting children to work for foreign missions. Or can it be that the I. G. G. C. was really the point of the whole book? However that

may be, there is much of general interest in the book. The arraignment of the business and political world will rouse any reader to thought if not to action, and the chapters on education contain many suggestions of highest value. The book is one for thinkers as well as for church workers and educators. ("Why They Fail." By Rev. A. T. Robinson. A. M. Broadway Publishing Co.)

C. K. J.

"The Catfish"

It was the cod-fishermen that discovered the true value of the catfish. Cod kept alive in large banks during their transit to a market arrived soft and flabby. Someone introduced a catfish into each tank and the cod arrived hard and vigorous. The catfish is the modern version of the Socratic gadfly that keeps fat horses from becoming too lazy. The human gadfly or catfish is that person who in life keeps his friends from becoming too self-satisfied, complacent and slack. Fortunately for George Tracy, his spark of imagination and originality was kept from dying out by the frankness of his uncompromising friends. The life story of George Tracy is fascinating and original. His great discovery was that the thing worth while to a man is to play the game, for the prize is worthless. How he held to this belief, how he was awakened to his opportunities, how he satisfied his insistent yearnings by means of a William Morris sort of shop is all too short a story. There is much to ponder as well as much to amuse in the book. ("The Catfish." By Charles Marriott. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"His Love Story"

Time was when Marie Van Vorst's latest novel, "His Love Story" would have been declared just the mental pabulum for the high school maiden or the summer girl, and even nowadays when the young person decidedly prefers the sort of book that was discussed with hushed voices and raised eyebrows a decade ago, "His Love Story," will probably be declared "perfectly dear." It is a pretty little tale of overpowering sweetness and sentiment. Its heroine is an American and its hero is a gallant French officer—or rather, the real hero is a small dog adopted and beloved by Le Comte de Sabron, and following the old adage of "love me, love my dog," adored by Julia Redmond, the beautiful lady of Sabron's heart. Sabron gets lost in the wilds of the Sahara in an engagement and Pitchoune, the little terrier saves his life; with Julia's assistance, for Julia traverses sea and sand to find her lover. There is nothing in the book to retain in one's memory; it is simply an afternoon's diversion. ("His Love Story." By Marie Van Vorst. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Magazines of the Month

In Harper's for June there is an interesting illustrated article on the convict island, "Cayenne, the Dry Guillotine." Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "The Coryton Family," is continued and in short stories are found, "Mr. Warner," by Jane Anderson, "The Man in Front of Mannerings," by Cornelia A. P. Comer, "The Geniuses," by C. H. Cornell, "Slim Uncle Piet," by Victor Rousseau, "David," by Lucius Finch, "Huntford's Fair Nihilist," by Howard Pyle, "Merry Andrew," by Marie Manning." Sydney Adamson writes of "The

No Time For Reading Nowadays

Is the lament of many a browser, who, in his lunch hour—with one eye on his watch—"snatches a fearful joy" in the Old Bookshop. Well, vacation days are coming when maybe we'll all have time for reading. It's a chance that comes only once a year for most of us. Make it count. Read stuff that lasts—that has lasted. Read good Old Books.

Books **Dawson's Bookshop**
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Open
Evenings

Mosque of Eyout," "Some Sevillian Incidents" is by W. D. Howells, "John L. Mathews has "The Equity in a Job," "Dr. H. S. Williams explores "The Atom," Thomas R. Lousbury explains the derivation of "Americanisms," and W. D. Howells has several editorial disquisitions.

"Making of Thomas Barton"

Were Anna Nicholas a newspaper woman she would be termed a writer of "human interest" tales, or perhaps even the Philistines might call her a "sob sister," for that is the style of short story she writes. And Miss Nicholas has the real human touch, as is shown by the series of short stories issued in one volume under the title of "The Making of Thomas Barton." There is not much of plot to any of her tales; they are simply fragments of life, told with simplicity, and with no special beauty of diction, yet well told, largely as character studies. The small town is more her forte than the city, and she is wise in realizing this. She has a certain touch of drollery that is entertaining, and her characters are types easily recognized. ("The Making of Thomas Barton." By Anna Nicholas. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Notes From Bookland

In the Popular Science Monthly, Cora Sutton Castle publishes the result of her attempt to enumerate and classify the 1,000 most eminent women in history. By a system of comparison of books of reference, however, she has been able to obtain only 868 names. Even with notable women of the Bible included, she could not quite reach the 1,000. She thinks it is "a sad commentary on the sex that from the dawn of history to the present day fewer than 1,000 women have accomplished anything that history has recorded as worth while." But historical records are not everything worth living for. Many thousands of women have accomplished things "worth while," even in the historical sense. They may not have been "eminent." The first twenty-two names on the "eminent" list are Mary Stuart, (her right to the place is attested by the amount of "space" given to her in the aforesaid books of reference), Jeanne D'Arc, Queen Victoria, Queen Elizabeth, George Sand, Mme. de Staél, Catherine II., Maria Theresa, Marie Antoinette, Queen Anne, Mme. de Sevigne, Queen Mary Tudor, George Eliot, Queen Christina, Mrs. Browning, Mme. de Maintenon, Empress Josephine, Catherine de Medici, Cleopatra, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charlotte Bronte, and Charlotte Corday.

An English translation of Mrs. Nystrom-Hamilton's volume on "Ellen Key—Her Life and Her Work," by Mrs. A. E. B. Fries, is promised by the house of G. P. Putnam's Sons this month. Mr. Havelock Ellis, in an introduction to the work, says that what Mrs. Nystrom-Hamilton writes about the author of "Love and Marriage," "The Woman Movement," and "The Century of the Child" may be received with confidence "as coming out of the circle in which Ellen Key has passed the greater part of her active life." Mrs. Nystrom-Hamilton is the wife of Dr. Anton Nystrom, who founded the People's Institute at Stockholm, before

which Ellen Key lectured for twenty years, and has not only known Ellen Key for years but has been engaged in investigations similar to those which have attracted the latter, and has written several books on the sexual life.

The author of "Germany and the Germans From an American Point of View," Price Collier, was born in 1860, received his early education abroad and the degree B. D. from Harvard, 1882. He married Miss Katherine Delano of New York in 1893, while Unitarian minister, and continued as such for nine years, when he was appointed European editor of The Forum. Two years later Mr. Collier became secretary of the Outing Publishing Company, but at the outbreak of the Spanish War he served in the United States Navy. Mr. Collier's first book to attract attention was "America and the Americans: From a French Point of View," which was followed a few years later by the publication of "England and the English: From an American Point of View." Mr. Collier's next book was "The West in the East: From an American Point of View," which treated, after the style of "England and the English," of India, Korea, Japan, and China, but mainly discussed the British in India.

Rachel Swete Masnamara, author of the recently published "Fringe of the Desert," says she composed little rhymes long before she was able to write and got her elder sister to put them down for her, and "scribbled" ever since she knew how to use a pencil, adding "My first taste of success came about five years ago when my novel 'The Trance' was accepted by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, within a week of its receipt. Almost at the same time the editor of The Pall Mall Magazine accepted a set of Venetian stories for serial use in his magazine, which Messrs. Blackwood afterward published in book form. Since then I have had two other novels published by Messrs. Blackwood, 'Seed of Fire,' an Egyptian story, and 'Spinners in Silence,' a story of Irish life, which possesses this claim to originality, that its pages, do not contain a word of dialect, a hunt, a horse, or a comic servant."

From the press of Carl Winter of Heidelberg has appeared a new critical edition of the Middle English poem of "Sir Perceval of Gales." The edition is the joint work of John L. Campion, a young American scholar, and Dr. Ferdinand Holthauren, Professor of English Philosophy at the University of Kiel. A peculiarity about this version of the Perceval story is that it does not refer to the Holy Grail, a fact which makes the question of its relationship to the other versions extremely difficult. The poem is said to be the work of a wandering minstrel who composed it about the middle of the fourteenth century. It is preserved in but one manuscript, the Thornton MS. of the library of Lincoln Cathedral. E. Stechert & Company are the American agents.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has completed a new story which will be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin Co. in the fall. Mrs. Wiggin, who is in Europe, has not published anything since her sketch, "A Child's Journey with Dickens."

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